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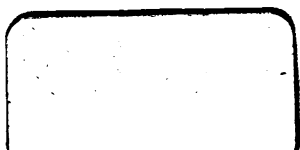
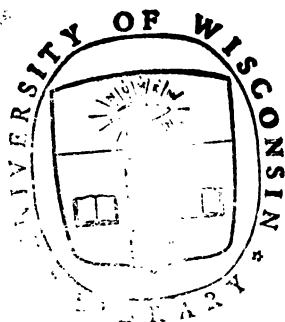
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THE HOMELESS BOY.

SHORT SERMONS
TO
NEWS BOYS:

WITH A
HISTORY OF THE FORMATION OF THE NEWS
BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

BY
CHARLES LORING BRACE.

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P R E F A C E.



If any person should, by chance, be inclined to judge critically of these simple Sermons to News Boys, we beg them to remember the conditions under which they were spoken. Here were a company of a hundred street-boys,—some cunning and sharpened by all the friction of street-life, some merely young, ignorant and friendless, some having already tasted of the fruits of vice and crime, some with strong conscientious feelings, and a desire for goodness—all exposed to every species of temptation, driven to and fro by

innumerable currents of passion, desire and bad habits—liable the next day to commit some act which should ruin them utterly in this world, and nearly all having been started on their life-voyage with almost every circumstance against them. To-morrow, you know that a third of the audience will utterly disappear; so far as your knowledge is concerned. On the next Sunday, but few will hear you who listen to-day. You speak to these children of crime and misfortune and poverty for a few moments, as they sweep by you on the dark whirling currents of city-life. Your problem is, to say something which shall arouse the conscience; which shall open the soul to the Divine Spirit, ever acting on it; which shall give the outcast lad an abiding sense of a Being with him who will sympathize in his troubles, who loves him, and who will, above all, keep him from sin. He needs a belief or a sentiment or

an inspiration, sufficiently strong to enable him to govern his bad habits and evil passions and selfishness—to change his heart and to make him feel himself reconciled to God.

The street-boy can not listen to abstract truth: he must have concrete. Facts and realities are what he needs, and especially the teaching of parables, or dramatic and illustrative modes of instruction. To solve this problem, the method used in these Sermons or Talks has been, by every possible illustration and parable, to present CHRIST to those boys as a living PERSONALITY, present with them, feeling with them, their Friend, their Sanctifier, their SAVIOUR from sin and its effects.

Not doctrine, but certain living Scriptural facts and illustrations of truth have been presented to them. The simplicity of the mode must be pardoned for the sake of its object.

It may be that the words thus spoken will not be found useless in other fields of Christian labor for the young.

It should be stated, that the "Children's Aid Society" is in no way responsible for any thing said in this volume.

CHARLES LORING BEACE.

HASTINGS-ON-THE-HUDSON, March, 1866.

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Short Sermons to News Boys.

INTRODUCTION.

THE FORMATION OF THE NEWS BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

SOME twelve or fifteen years ago, a peculiar wave of feeling and opinion, almost as by a Divine agency, passed over the country, and changed the ideas and modes of action of large numbers of persons. The change has been so gradual, and yet has become so thorough and natural, that few can now make it real to their minds.

The leading idea in it was, that Religion in our people had become too much a technical

thing—a matter of intellectual opinion, or too much a mood or emotional state, instead of being, according to Christ's teachings, the building up of the "Kingdom of God," or, in less figurative words, a practical life of beneficence and love and truth. Exactness in doctrine, or the importance of correct intellectual definitions, began to be of less weight with the great mass of religious people, than the spirit of daily life. And, at the same time, the emotions of the heart and its conscious state, which were so much an object of study, or of morbid reflection, under the New England teachings, began to be neglected or forgotten in the earnest desire to make manifest CHRIST to all men. The saving of one's own soul, which had often been a kind of elevated selfishness, was almost disregarded in the eagerness to save the souls of others.

It was a natural re-action against a too

intellectual or emotional, toward a more practical piety, and, undoubtedly, like all great religious movements of the human mind, has its own dangers of extremes. Still it was, to a certain degree, an inspiration from CHRIST: it aimed at justice to the wronged and oppressed, at brotherhood between different classes, at mercy to the tempted and criminal, at toleration to varying creeds and opinions, and toward Love as the great purifier of society. "Mercy, not sacrifice," was its great motto; and it forever held up to all men the searching words, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

At that time a deep and earnest movement had passed over Europe, of sympathy and reform for the lowest classes—"the masses," as they were significantly called. Under the Divine influences, which are always touching the hearts of men, this wave reached this country; and the new and prac-

tical movement of religious reform at once took its direction toward the masses—the poor, the outcast, the tempted and the slave. It was fortunate that the religious guides of the nation did not set themselves against all these earnest impulses, and thus force the young and enthusiastic mind of the country into opposition to organized religion, and into apparent infidelity, as has so often been the result in Europe.

The whole religious community seemed to recognize, more and more each day, that when Christ, in His definition of His ministry, made the final and highest term, “the preaching the gospel to the poor,” He expressed the highest external duty of Christianity toward modern society.

The great problem for all earnest thinkers was more and more, how to make manifest Christ and His spirit to the lowest classes, to the destitute, and outcast, and

criminal. It was felt that the usual means of instruction and elevation through missions, and tracts, and chapels, and similar agencies, were not sufficient. There were evidently in the cities great masses of misery and evil which Christianity, through its existing means, seldom influenced. How to preach the gospel to the poor? became the great question for all conscientious and religious persons.

Among the various benevolent movements for the benefit of the masses, which originated from these convictions, between the years 1848 and '53, the most prominent peculiarity was their entire breaking away from the old methods of religious influence, and *the adapting themselves to the practical wants* of these classes. This has now become so general a principle through all city-missions in the whole country, that its novelty can hardly be recognized. But at that time it met with great opposition. To

give a poor man bread before a tract, to clean and feed street-children before you attempt to teach them religiously, to open work-shops where prayer-meetings used to be held, to urge the entire change of circumstances and the emigration to country homes, as of far more importance to a certain class of vagrant children than any possible influence of Sunday-schools or Chapels, to talk of cleanliness as the first steps to godliness ;—all this seemed then to have a “humanitarian” tendency, and to belong to European “socialism” and “infidelity.”

And it must not be supposed that the various enterprises which adopted these methods had an easy or unruffled progress in the beginning. Incessant argument was advanced to the community ; it was urged that the Saviour often precluded his spiritual teachings by helping the body ; fact upon fact, proving the dreadful crime and suffering

and ignorance among the poor of the cities, was presented to the public; it was shown that the ordinary methods produced no effect, and if no better were adopted, that the mass of human misery and sin in our great cities would probably continually increase.

Sermons were preached; addresses given; articles written, and the powerful agency of the press used to scatter sounder ideas on this practical subject. The spiritual,—the religious Principle was admitted to be the only lever for permanently raising up humanity; it was merely claimed that this should be applied in new and practical modes.

I think all engaged in these early works among the poor of New York, felt that the great power which should renovate society was not phalansteries, nor industrial homes, nor charities, but simply the SPIRIT OF CHRIST—the power of Christ, as the inspiration, the Life, the light, of each individual man.

Our great effort was to put these poor creatures—the vagrants, the houseless, the needy and criminal, and the uncared-for children of the great cities, where they could be most easily reached by Christian influences. Many of us felt that, as “He though rich, yet for our sakes had become poor,” so we ought also to consecrate ourselves utterly to the good of those great neglected classes, for whom He had felt so much.

The direction which these labors took, may be illustrated from my own experience. During an extended tour in Europe, I had been studying the various institutions of charity and reform, and on my return, at once began a series of voluntary labors on Blackwell’s Island and in the “Five Points,” with the hope of benefitting the unfortunate and criminal population of those localities. After more than a year’s trial, I became convinced that no far-reaching and permanent work of re-

form could succeed among these classes. It was right that those who loved humanity in its lowest forms should labor for the forlorn prostitute, and the mature criminal. But on a broad scale no lasting effects could be expected to society from such efforts. The work seemed like pouring water through a sieve. The hopeful field was evidently among the young. There, crime might possibly be checked in its very beginnings, and the seed of future good character and order and virtue be widely sown.

I accordingly threw myself into the work, already begun by such devoted friends of the poor as W. C. GILMAN, W. C. RUSSEL, B. J. HOWLAND, J. E. WILLIAMS, W. L. KING, Judge MASON, and others, in the "Boys' Meetings," as they were called.

The Report of Capt. MATSELL, Chief-of-Police, in 1848, in regard to criminal children, had already begun to arouse a deep feeling in

the whole city for this most unfortunate class of abandoned and neglected street-children. There seemed a profound conviction everywhere that some new and more comprehensive measures ought to be taken for diminishing the dreadful amount of crime and suffering among the children of New York.

The result of these feelings, and of all the causes I have before sketched, was the formation of the CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, in 1853, which has been the parent of so many charities for children since. It is not my purpose to describe more particularly here the forming of this important Society, or to speak of those engaged in it, as I hope to do so hereafter, in a separate volume. It is sufficient to say that it was founded by gentlemen of various religious denominations, who had been actively engaged in the *Boys' Meetings* of the city, or in other charities. And here it may be remarked that one of the

happiest features of the charitable work for the children in New York, both among the ladies in the "Industrial Schools," and the Trustees of the Society mentioned above, has been, now during thirteen years, its entire freedom from sectarian and denominational contests. The usual ground of religious disputes are abstract and theoretic points; but here the field has been so vast, so little can be accomplished comparatively by any means possible, and the desire is so earnest with all *to do good*, that there has been but little chance for Theological discussions. We all met on a common practical ground. We all wanted to raise up these poor, ignorant, depressed and tempted children. We were willing each should try anything which would accomplish that. Only we were forced at every step, to test our means by the practical results on the children. If one method failed, we attempted another.

When men meet on such a platform, their technical differences fade away, and there is found less variation between different sects than is commonly supposed. Our objects of labor—the persons whom we would help, were sunk so low, were so ungoverned, ignorant and unfortunate, that even the slightest improvement among them was hailed by us as a great advance, and very few cared to question about the exact theological accuracy of the means employed.

It was very fortunate, too, for the interests of the useful charity I am about to describe, that the trustees had all been practically engaged among the poor, and took a living interest in every enterprise which promised to improve their condition.

While engaged as Secretary and Trustee of the Children's Aid Society, in 1853-'4, I was pained at the sight of such numbers of news boys and street-boys, sleeping about at nights



THE STREET BOY.

near the newspaper offices, in boxes or under stairways. I remember, one cold night, seeing some ten or a dozen of these little homeless creatures piled together to keep each other warm, beneath the stairway of the "Sun" office. There used to be a mass of them also at the "Atlas" office, sleeping in the lobbies, until the printers drove them away by pouring water on them. One winter, an old burnt-out safe lay all the season in Wall Street, which was used as a bed-room by two boys, who managed to crawl every night into the hole that had been burnt. I was often amused at their accounts of their various lodgings. "Oh, mister," one said, "there's nothing like them steam-gratins—it's just as good as a feather-bed! And next to 'em I likes a good box of sand, 'cause you can git it all up 'round you, and kinder snuggle in it; but bummin' is hard work in a nor'-easter!"

The boys were, as might be expected, a fighting, gambling set, and the little ones were continually plundered by the larger. On enquiring among the missionaries and others of the lower wards, I could not learn that these lads ever went to a Sunday-school or church, or ever had any good public influence exerted on them.

Occasionally, some unusually enthusiastic street-preacher would go among them, but they "chaffed" him so, that he could do nothing for them.

I asked what became of them, but, as with Dickens' "post-boys," no one seemed to know, until a printer undertook one day to show me, and we found some dozen young men who had been news boys, in the back-room of a gin-shop, all more or less drunk, though it was then morning.

Thinking it necessary to consult the Police, as to any plans which might be

adopted for the improvement of these lads, I called upon Capt. MATSELL, the Chief. In reply to my suggestions, he said with a smile at such mistaken benevolence, "My dear sir; nothing can be done for these boys! They are a set of perfect banditti!" I had resolved, however, to attempt a simple experiment—to open a *Lodging-House* for them, as the entering wedge for good influences. I laid the plan before Judge J. L. MASON, the President of the Society, to whose excellent judgment this charity has owed so much, before J. E. WILLIAMS, Esq., the Treasurer, to whose generous heart this enterprise of humanity became one of the warmest interests of his life, Messrs. HOWLAND, RUSSEL, KING, and others, and they all approved, and gave it their earnest and cordial support, and the institution was formally adopted by the Board. The first means for it were raised in Rev. Mr. Cuyler's church, a gentleman

present seconding my appeal with a speech that forced tears from all hearing.

The especial condition for the success of the movement, however, was the man to carry out the execution of it. Providentially at this time, I chanced upon one of those men who are perhaps peculiar to America—a skillful mechanic, self-educated, of much natural tact, with an unbounded pity for the weak and miserable, and a good deal of sternness toward the lazy and shiftless, and who had been long at work among the children of the Sunday-schools, Mr. C. C. TRACY. As it turned out, not one man in a thousand would have been so well adapted to open such an enterprise. He happened to be temporarily unemployed (having just sold out the good-will of his shop and tools), and much against the advice of his friends, agreed to take charge of the intended Lodging-House. He at once began his search for

a house, but few would admit such a set as the news boys then were, within their building.

At length, he discovered an old, begrimed loft in the top of a building on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, the "Sun Building." The owner, Mr. M. Y. BEACH, began his long course of kindness to us by saying, we should have that room for the experiment, if every tenant left the building! Our plan was to divide the loft into a school-room, bed-room, office and bath-room, and to furnish the bed-room with wooden "bunks,"* placed one over another, so as to hold the most lodgers in a given space. To Mr. Tracy was left the general

* When iron began to come so much more into use, we substituted iron bedsteads for wooden, which is a great improvement, on account of their comparative freedom from vermin.

carrying out of the plans, with whatever changes he might think best.

In a few weeks, we had (at an expense of about \$1,000), all furnished and nicely equipped, a Lodging-House, which could accommodate seventy-five lodgers. Notice was given in the papers, and Mr. T. himself spoke to many of the leading boys, who always carried with them a train of imitators in whatever they undertook.

The first night (March 18th, 1854), the school-room was crowded with a motley congregation of ragged and rough boys—many having come in only to make a disturbance. Mr. Tracy addressed them simply and kindly, and told them the objects of the plan: that we wanted to prevent them from growing up vagrants, and to save them from exposure to the weather, and consequent disease, and to help them on in the world. But that they were not objects of charity,

but each one a lodger in his own hotel, paying his six cents for a bed, and the only rules were that they should keep order among themselves, and use the bath. They cheered him warmly, and a larger boy, a "speculator," created a great impression by paying at once his whole week's lodging in advance. Those who had come merely "to make a row," left in disgust, and the others passed a quiet evening, and were greatly delighted with the luxury of plenty of cold water in the bath.

When they were "turned in," the Superintendent could hear their exclamations of satisfaction. "Better than bumming—hey, Jim?" "Rather warmer than the soft side of a plank, aint it?" "Did ye nivr see a bed afore?" and the like. The next day several said they "couldn't sleep, the beds were so soft!" During the night there was "larking" going on in the stairways by the outsiders: the gas-burner was twisted off,

which might have been followed by serious consequences if Mr. Tracy, expecting this, had not provided a cut-off in the inside.

The next evening, more came in to take beds. The Superintendent talked pleasantly and instructively to them, and the boys, feeling that the keeping of order depended on themselves, were very quiet. They seemed to enjoy the Lodging-room very much, but one thing they could not understand, and were continually "speering" after—What all this was for? Some whispered, "It's a House-o'-Refuge trap!" another, "I know—it's worse 'an that—it's a *Sunday-school trap*."

After a time, Mr. Tracy introduced the Lord's Prayer, which the little audience joined in heartily. One lad, in some doubt, came up afterwards, and asked, "I say, Mr. Tracy, was that a Protestant or a Catholic prayer?" "Well, my boy," he replied, "I believe all Christian churches hold to that prayer!"

He was unfolding, on one occasion, the Golden Rule, "You must do unto others, as you would have them do unto you!" They seemed very much surprised. "Is it really in the Bible, Mr. Tracy?" and one added, rather despairingly, "But suppose you're *short*, and couldn't?" (*i. e.*, suppose you have no money, and cannot help other boys.) On another occasion, Mr. T. relates the result of one of his lectures as follows (Ann. Report, p. 25, 1855):

"This evening, while a number of them were telling each other what they had for supper, I undertook to reason with them about their diet,—that they should avoid some of the nice things which they had mentioned, and live more upon plainer food, as that was healthier and cheaper; that they should allow their reason, instead of their appetite, to control them in the selection of their food. 'Ah, Sir,' said one boy, 'when

a feller is hungry, and has a good hot dinner smokin' before him, it's no time to *reason*; and I have made up my mind that them ruffled-shirt '*quills*' (clerks) shan't eat up all the good things, nohow?' I concluded to drop the matter for the present, and took another subject."

Their especial vices, Mr. T. soon found to be their wasting of money and their gambling. Some of the more active boys earned sometimes from \$3 to \$5 a day with the sale of "Extras": and the smaller averaged 75 cents. Yet every penny went for follies—theatres, cards, dice, policy-tickets,* and games with pennies, while the lads themselves remained ragged and poor. To correct these habits, he introduced innocent games, such as chequers, backgammon and others; and he contrived, what has since been a great

* A kind of lottery-ticket.

blessing to hundreds of street boys, the "News Boys' Bank." This was simply a table with a drawer divided into separate little compartments, each with a slit in the lid, into which the boys dropped their pennies; each box being numbered and reserved for a depositor. The drawer was carefully locked, and, after an experience of one or two forays on it from petty thieves who crept in with the others, it was fastened to the floor, and the under-part lined with tin.

The Superintendent, following his usual plan, called the lads together for a meeting, told them the object of the Bank, which was to make them save their money, and put it to vote how long it should be kept locked. They voted for two months, and thus, for all this time, the depositors could not get at their savings. Some repented and wanted their money, but the rule was rigid. At the end of the period, the Bank was opened in the

presence of all the lodgers, with much ceremony, and the separate deposits were made known, amid an immense deal of "chaffing" from one another. The depositors were amazed at the amount of their savings; the increase seemed to awaken in them the instinct of property, and they at once determined to deposit the amounts in the City Savings Banks, or to buy clothes with them. Very little was spent foolishly. This simple contrivance has done more to break up the gambling and extravagant habits of the class, than any other one influence. The Superintendent now pays a large interest on deposits, and our Trustees have offered prizes to the lads who save the most.* During the present year

*An interesting fact should be related in this connection:

"To meet an absolute necessity, B. J. HOWLAND Esq., one of our staunchest friends," says the Superintendent in a late Report, "deposited with me

(1865), the savings in Bank of the boys will amount to about \$250 a month, beside what is deposited in the City banks, or invested continually in business.

Finding some of the lodgers eager to learn to write, the Superintendent quietly opened an informal evening-school for them, inducing

two years since, the sum of ten dollars, to be loaned in small sums to worthy boys, to enable them to make a start in the world. Recently, a lady friend (Mrs. M.) added ten dollars to the fund. During the year, \$255.87 was loaned from this fund, and the profits derived by the boys from the sums borrowed amounted to \$649.95, or a little more than 252 per cent.: only one dollar and eighty cents remains unpaid of the money loaned, which we have not given up for lost. The money so borrowed, has, in many cases, been returned in a few hours, and the average length of time it has been kept does not exceed one day. The plan has worked most admirably. We have loaned it in sums of five cents and upwards. Several who have availed themselves of it have been able to acquire a capital, so as to require no further assistance, and now have money in the savings bank.

several gentlemen of the city to come in occasionally, and lecture or give lessons. All this, however, had to be managed very cautiously, lest we should make the Lodging-House a "bore" to the boys.

We chanced upon our religious meetings something in this wise. The boys had attended on a Sunday some public funeral, which impressed them much, and, while talking together earnestly over the matter, Mr T. suggested that they should hear a chapter read, and have a prayer. They assented, and a meeting was held, from which has arisen the long course of religious meetings held since for the News Boys, of which this little volume of Sermons is one result. Of these meetings, I cannot express my feelings more strongly than in the following passage from the Annual Report of the Children's Aid Society, for 1864:

"There is something unspeakably solemn

and affecting in the crowded and attentive meetings of these boys, of a Sunday evening, and the thought that you speak for a few minutes on the high themes of Eternity, to a young audience who to-morrow will be battling with misery, temptation and sin in every shape and form, and to whom your words may be the last they ever hear, of either friendly sympathy or warning."

The effects on the boys, of this constant patient religious instruction, we know to have been most happy. Some have acknowledged it, living, and have shown better lives. Others have spoken of it in the hospitals, and on their death-beds, or have written their gratitude from the battle-field, on so many hundreds of which these lads have bravely fought.

On one occasion, a boy who had fallen into thieving habits, was so much struck with shame, after one of these meetings, that he called the Superintendent aside and confessed

his offences, and gave up his dark-lantern, his wrench and pocket-pistol, with other tools of his nefarious business. He was subsequently put into a good place, and became an honest boy.

Mr. TRACY, though full of kindness to the unfortunate, was a strict disciplinarian, as was necessary with these children; and, what was absolutely indispensable to the success of the enterprise, he took care that the most rigid exactness should characterize all his dealings with them. Gradually thus, step by step, he began to gain an influence over them. Individual boys became more clean and less ragged; they swore less and gambled less; there was less fighting and quarreling among them; cheating diminished, and stealing almost ceased. They learned to read and write: many kept up daily prayer, and listened with great apparent devoutness in the meetings. More and more, traits of gener-

osity and kindness appeared in them, which were carefully cherished by us. Following out the plan of the Children's Aid Society, they were scattered over the whole country some taking places with farmers, others in factories, others in shops, on rail-roads and in telegraph-offices. They generally succeeded: their shrewdness and quickness, with the self-reliance they had acquired in their rough life, made them very efficient in whatever they undertook. Our object was generally to get them out of street-trades, such as boot-blackening and paper-selling, for these if continued too long, lead to an idle vagrant life, and in America, innumerable occupations are open to all who will enter them. Yet even those who remained in the City, grew up honest and steady young men—sometimes even showing an earnest life of religious purpose. Of some of the more apparent results, I quote in a note the testimony of

two newspaper men who have had more business experience with these lads than any other persons.*

* NEW YORK, Feb. 23d, 1860.

C. C. TRACY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—You wish me to say what I know of the effect of the News Boys' Lodging House.

I can best comply by comparing the past with the present. Before the Lodging House was in existence, the news boys, as a class, were hard characters. A few leaders there were "up to any thing," and those not strong enough to match them physically, paid tribute. Downright highway robberies, committed by these leaders upon the smaller "fry," were of daily occurrence, and that not in a corner or at night, but on a corner—a street-corner, I mean—and under the broad sunlight too. The sums taken from one boy at one time were trifling, but the total amounts of this brigandage were say from ten to fifty dollars per day. Fighting and rows of every kind were the daily result of their congregation at every newspaper office, for their papers, until every decent man sickened at sight of them.

So much for the exterior. The mental characteristics ran in the same channel. Year by year, and month by month, they grew worse, and never better.

The kindness which these boys showed to one another, (more and more) as they remained

The contrast at the present time is remarkable. The "leaders" have disappeared. I have not heard of the robberies for the last two years. A fight or a row among the news boys is seldom seen. The smaller ones pursue their traffic unmolested, and all things relating to the news boys give token of better times among them.

If these changes are not all due to the Lodging House, I believe that by far the greater part of them can be traced directly to that as the cause.

Yours truly, M. S. BEACH, (*Editor of Sun.*)

"NEW YORK SUN" OFFICE, Feb. 13th, 1860.

C. C. TRACY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have been desirous for some time past to express to you the satisfaction I have felt, in witnessing the many changes which have occurred in the condition of the news boys of New York since the night of our conversation at a coffee-room in Nassau Street, during the winter of '53-'54 (if my memory of dates is correct.)

As you will no doubt well remember—I am certain I do—the news boys of the city at that time were well entitled to the reputation they had achieved of being

under our charge, was one of the most encouraging features of the work to us. I have

unquestionably the worst boys of the town; and from the fact that no boy of mere ordinary capacities of wickedness could hold his hand among them, but must either strive to emulate the speed of the older vagabonds and rascals, or else, from the force of circumstances, be driven from their midst entirely, they became (as it might be said) a picked lot of sharpers, necessarily expert in all kinds of dodges to gain money for gambling and other vile purposes. My business as counter of the daily editions of the *New York Sun* at that time, brought me in contact every morning (Sundays excepted) with the above-mentioned picked lot, and I had thus great opportunities of knowing them well. It would be hard to give a correct idea of the low habits of the boys during the nights, in the neighborhood of the newspaper offices. What sleep they had seemed to be only such as they could snap up by lying around on the gratings and sidewalks, where, in cold weather, enough to freeze you or me, they would huddle up together, endeavoring to keep warm from the surplus-steam which came up from the press-rooms below. Now and then, would there bubble up from the heart of a news boy kind thoughts to a chum, who had weathered many a night upon the sidewalks with him, and now, sick and diseased, crawled

extracted some instances, and placed them in the Appendix of this volume.

down after the papers of a morning. But generally they were bad, very bad, and when you told me of the desire of some of the philanthropic men of New York to try to better the condition of the boys, and endeavor to have them grow up good men, I hesitated so long before telling you what I so much feared (because I did not wish to discourage you in the mountainous work), that I had a full opportunity of canvassing in my mind, and I was led to the conclusion to try to say nothing but what might encourage the good design, hoping for the cause of humanity that it might prosper. And now you may well say "Eureka!" God has smiled upon the self-denying men who commenced the work, and upon their labors, and I can fully and unhesitatingly vouch for the important advantages that, through the blessing of the Almighty, have actually been showered upon the despised class of news boys of New York. I say showered, for considering the fact that so few years have passed, since the morning when the Committee of the Children's Aid Society were so earnestly canvassing how to put in shape for a lodging-house, the room on the upper floor of the *Sun* Building, and the great fact that the news boys of the present day may be said to be an entirely different class from those before mentioned, and that

Boys coming in without a penny, ragged and dirty, and vermin-covered, nameless * orphans, have not unfrequently been clothed and started in business by the others. No story of misfortune was ever presented to

I have heard from some of the boys that they are now prosperous and happy members of society in their homes in the West, I shall insist upon it that the good effects of the movement have been actually showered upon the boys, as a class of this great city.

Some of the members of the Aid Committee at that time I am now personally acquainted with, and I at times almost envy them the satisfaction they must feel in having been the instruments in the hand of God of doing so much real and substantial good. Yours earnestly,

JAMES G. COOPER.

* Boys have come in who did not know their own names. They are generally known to one another by slang names, such as the following: "Mickety," "Round-hearts," "Horace Greeley," "Wandering Jew," "Fat Jack," "Pickle Nose," "Cranky Jim," "Dodge-me-John," "Tickle-me-foot," "Know-Nothing Mike," "O'Neill the Great," "Professor," and innumerable others. They have also a slang dialect.

them without its calling forth a generous response, and "material aid." They contributed from their small earnings to the "Mount Vernon Fund," to the Kansas sufferers, to those who lost in certain severe fires in the City, to the Sanitary Commission and many other worthy objects. With all the change and improvement which have been beheld in hundreds of these children, since the Lodging-House was opened, it must not be supposed that any very wonderful change can be seen in the externals of *the class*. That is, the News Boys, as a class, are continually filled up by new boys who are turned adrift or made orphans, or in some way become homeless. The new members, in the beginning, look as ragged and miserable as any of the former ones used to do ; but, when they have been a short time in the business, they do not turn out thieves and vagabonds, as their predecessors did, but with their savings, they

are enabled to enter new places, or are sent to situations by the Society. The few old news boys who have remained in the Lodging-House, are (with single exceptions) as respectable lads as can be found.

Mr. Tracy remained at the head of the Lodging-House till 1856. At this time the Children's Aid Society had begun to employ him in a new and broader field, as their Western Agent in taking out their large parties of children to the West. It was a place of much responsibility, requiring great tact and a spirit of true devotion to humanity. The numbers at the Lodging-House fell off in his repeated and necessary absences, until it became needful to appoint a new Superintendent, Mr. C. C. WIEGAND. Mr. W., by his activity in searching the markets and docks, soon gathered in more even than the old numbers. He also introduced various improvements, especially a new table of sta-

tistics of the lodgers. A prolonged effort of his to break up the theatre-going of the boys, by introducing private theatricals among them, did not succeed. On his departure for California in 1858, to take an office in the Mint, Mr. C. O'CONNOR, who had served in the Crimean army, was appointed Superintendent, and Mrs. O'Connor Matron. Under their united charge, the Lodging-House has attained a success such as it never enjoyed before. The qualities, by which they have influenced so large a number of street-boys, and managed them so many years, without once a disturbance and with increasing good feeling from the children, are the most hearty kindness, and at the same time, the most exact justice of dealing and the severest discipline. During the years, for instance, 1864-'65, they have had under their charge MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND different boys, from five to fifteen years of age, following all possible street-trades:

a number greater probably than in all the Asylums for children in the City together. Yet there has hardly been an instance of disorder or complaint; every thing has proceeded quietly, silently, and with good order, the children constantly improving, and being transferred to good places.

The usefulness of the Lodging-House has also been greatly increased during the last few years, by the constant devotion to its interests of the new President of the Society, Wm. A. BOOTH, Esq., who holds the place of the late lamented Judge MASON. This gentleman devotes the great experience and the admirable judgment, gained during a long business life, to the interests of humanity, so that often almost his whole time is spent for the good of others. By his influence, the Lodging-House has been enlarged and improved, so that now it can accommodate 150 lodgers—the large audience-room also being

much extended. Mr. BOOTH also takes charge, every alternate Sunday evening, of the religious meeting, which, during the last two or three years, has been increasingly orderly and impressive.

Our Lodging-House has a very plain and simple appearance, and we have often wished that we could have more commodious quarters; but in every charity it is desirable that as little as possible should be expended on the unessentials, and our Society has always made it a principle to invest no funds in real estate, but entirely in the work.

From the beginning I have made it a great point to secure in the Lodging-Rooms, good ventilation; and, by a simple system of shafts to the roof, we have attained such purity of air in our bed-rooms, as can hardly be found in any hospital or asylum of the City. The great height of the buildings, also favors the health of the Lodging-Rooms—they being open

to air and sun—so that for ten years the number on our sick-list has been so small as scarcely to be worth mentioning. By a liberal use of water and good “housekeeping,” we are kept wonderfully free from vermin.*

Of course so many hundreds of wild fun-loving boys, floating in from every quarter of the City, many of them mere street-vagrants, need a strong hand. This Mr. O’CONNOR holds. His punishments are mainly fines, and occasionally something more severe, as a warning. The slightest want of justice, or an excessive harshness, would send these little rovers back to their wandering, Arab-like life. On the other hand, any failure in discipline would make the place intolerable to every one.

The great peculiarity of the New York

* One of the boys is hired as *barber*, and shaves some of the heads closely!

News Boys Lodging-House, as distinguished from similar European institutions, is *the payment demanded from the lodgers*.* The object of this is to cultivate the feeling of independence and self-respect in these children, and to aid in the support of the Charity. They value the place more from paying for it, and do not contract the vices of paupers. I had always feared that we could not combine the system of half-pay and half-charity; that is, that some should be required to pay and others be received free. We have done so, however, for years. The Superintendent acquires great tact in discerning who are truly impoverished and unlucky, and who lazy or deceitful. Possibly, the public opinion among the boys themselves, helps him in obtaining pay from so many.

* This is now five cents for lodging, three cents for supper, and one cent for use of lockers.

In 1865-'66 there were paid by the boys, towards the expenses of the establishment, \$2,127 44 (*two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and forty-four cents.*)

Another peculiar feature is the constant effort to get the boys away to "situations" in the country. A more particular account of this will be given hereafter in a work describing the *Children's Aid Society* and its results.* It is this great opportunity for emigration which has led us to discourage the formation of "Shoe-Black Brigades" and the like, inasmuch as such movements tend to keep the street-children in the city.

The News Boys' Lodging House is one of the many branches or works of the CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, and while that is sus-

* It may be noted here that over 10,000 homeless children have been sent to homes and places of employment, mainly in the West, by the Children's Aid Society since it was founded.

tained, will be kept up. We trust that eventually the Society may be endowed with a Fund, for the especial purpose of making this most simple but beneficent charity for street-boys, perpetual.

During the twelve years in which the Lodging-House has been at work, *two hundred and seventy-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine* (273,969) lodgings have been supplied to homeless boys. But few lads remain over year after year, and as the whole number of different lads, counting year by year, is forty-thousand seven hundred and eighteen (40,718), we may fairly conclude that at least more than *twenty thousand* different boys have been the subjects of this charity. During that time \$42,177 78 have been expended by the Children's Aid Society for this object, of which the great proportion has been the fruit of private liberality.

During the same period, *twelve thousand and twenty dollars and ninety-five cents* (\$12,020 95) have been paid by the boys toward the expenses of the Lodging-House, in petty sums of four or five cents each for lodging, etc. There were also saved by the lads and deposited in their bank, twelve thousand three hundred and seventy-nine dollars, and ninety-four cents (\$12,379 94), omitting from the calculation three years in which no account was kept. Over a regiment of these boys have joined the army; great numbers who were placed on farms in the West have enlisted, and are thus returning to the nation, what their benefactors have so kindly done for them. One of them recently, at his death in a Virginia hospital, bequeathed all his savings (\$100) to the Society. During the years 1865-'66, *seven thousand two hundred and fifty-six* different boys have been members of this Institution. The

number of lodgings furnished were 43,797; of meals, 32,867. Their payments toward the expense were \$2,127 44. The number every night is from 110 to 150.

The following are some interesting statistics of the Lodging-House for 1865 and '66:—

During the past year, we have kept a record of the nativity, age, parentage, and ability to read and write, of every boy entering the Lodging-House, with the following result, to wit:

NATIVITY.

Born in the United States,	3,631
“ Ireland,	2,665
“ England,	335
“ Germany,	341
“ Scotland,	129
“ Canada,	49
“ France,	42
“ Wales,	19
“ Poland,	h
“ Italy,	15
“ Switzerland,	10
“ At sea,	3
Colored,	12
Total,	<u>7,256</u>

AGE OF BOYS.

5 years old	6
6 "	8
7 "	18
8 "	32
9 "	115
10 "	461
11 "	463
12 "	681
13 "	1,765
14 "	1,977
15 "	1,044
16 "	483
17 "	147
18 "	45
19 "	11

Total 12 months	7,256
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No. of boys able to read and write,	3,679
" " " read,	1,937
" " neither able to read or write,	640

Total 12 months	7,256
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No. of orphans,	2,590
" half-orphans	3,455
No. where parents are living,	1,211
Total 12 months	7,256

TABULAR STATEMENT.

Year.	No. of Boys.	No. of Lodg'gs.	No. of Meals.	Sunday Din'rs.	Ret'd Fr's	Expenses.	Paid by Boys.	Saved by Boys during the year.
								Boys Amount.
1854 to '55	408	6,872				\$1,199 76	\$397 56	
1855 " '56	374	7,599				1,431 82	391 26	16 \$643 58
1856 " '57	387	5,157				1,762 56	262 56	106 270 70
1857 " '58	800	8,026	11,923			1,925 03	298 03	
1858 " '59	(about) 3,000	(ab't) 14,000	13,114			2,199 34	807 15	
1859 " '60	(about) 4,500	(ab't) 19,747	13,341	2,400	100	2,113 56	955 44	33 110 10
1860 " '61	(about) 4,000	27,390	16,873	2,660	247	3,420 57	1,036 98	230 1,259 77
1861 " '62	3,875	32,954	19,809	2,790		2,736 08	1,138 88	388 1,376 59
1862 " '63	3,000	29,409	(ab't) 20,000		396	3,402 82	1,102 33	347 1,315 10
1863 " '64	6,325	36,572	25,506		437	5,768 16	1,559 10	406 2,080 06
1864 " '65	6,793	42,446	30,137	3,640	576	7,159 95	1,944 22	499 2,505 92
1865 " '66	7,256	43,797	32,867	3,640	633	10,058 13	2,127 44	599 2,486 43
	40,718	273,969	160,570	15,130	2389	\$42,177 78	12,020 95	2553 12,379 94

**The following are the present Trustees of the News
Boys' Lodging-House:**

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Sermons.



I.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?"—Rom. viii. 35.

I SUPPOSE it is very hard for a poor boy to believe at all times, that God loves him. Half-clothed, cold and hungry, sleeping around in boxes, not knowing where he shall get his next meal and utterly without friends, he can hardly imagine that there is some one above him, who truly cares for him and follows and pities him. Perhaps he has had an earthly father who has been a drunkard, and has beaten and ill-treated his boy until he could not bear to live with him, so that he can not understand what a truly kind

Heavenly Father can be. And yet, boys, it is just that message that we have come to give you—that *God loves you!* He shows it above all in His Son, JESUS CHRIST. Yes, the blessed Redeemer came upon earth for your sake, as well as for the sake of others; He lived for you, He died for you. He follows you now every day, step by step. Poor as you are, He knows all about poverty and loves you none the less. You know when on earth, He was especially the friend of the poor. He goes with you each day, as you are running about the streets, when you are selling your papers, when you are playing, when bad boys tempt you,—He is always there.

When sometimes you lie down at night under some stairway, or snuggled into some box, and look up at the stars and feel so lonesome and deserted, if you could see it, the face of the Saviour is there, watching

you with such pity and affection. "Well," you are ready to say, "why should the great Jesus trouble himself about me? I am only a poor street-boy! If I was rich, or very learned, it would be different."

There is the very reason, my boy. He loves you because you need it most; because He is so good. Your soul is just as much to Him, as the soul of the richest boy on Fifth Avenue. He takes just as much interest in you—and when you do well it pleases the great Saviour. He knows all the trials you have had, all your lonely times, all your troubles at home, all your hunger and cold and poverty: when your little brothers and sisters were crying for food and you could not get it, He heard it; when your father or your mother became worse in their habits every day and you could not stop it, and your room was becoming a drunkard's home, He saw it all and felt it all.

Let me tell you a true story here, of a poor boy from this Lodging-House, whom Jesus loved. The boy I speak of had no name, he was so poor and deserted, but, like many of you boys, he went under a nickname, "*Mickety*." He was an orphan, and sold papers for a living. He used to work hard, and we always saw that the little fellow was trying to do right. He was very honest, and he read his Testament and said his prayers and really seemed to believe in Christ (I shall tell you another time more what that means). By and by, "*Mickety*" began to show a cough which he had caught from exposure in sleeping out so much at night, before he came to the Lodging-House. Gradually he grew worse and worse; he could sell fewer and fewer papers, and finally he became so much weaker that he had to keep to his bed. But the boys did not neglect him; they brought him food and pur-

chased his medicines; some took him to ride, and they tended him in every way. Through it all, the poor boy showed he was a true Christian—a lover of Christ and trying to please Him. He was not afraid to die. He felt happy to go. He had not had so many friends on earth, but what he felt he was going to a far better Friend in Heaven. He put himself in the arms of Jesus. Some of you remember how his little body was shut into the coffin, and how you buried it yourselves in Greenwood. The only tears over the poor nameless orphan being shed by the orphans who had known him and befriended him!

Could there be a poorer boy? And yet, if you could only have followed his soul, as the angels bore it hence to its Redeemer, from those blessed lips you would have heard, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden!"

"Poor boy," the Saviour might have said, "I have followed you in all your hard lot. When you have felt heart-sick and lonely I have been near you. When you were sleeping in your hard box, when you were hungry and no man gave unto you, when older boys tempted you and you resisted, because you loved me, I was there. Every time you uttered a prayer, or thought a good thought, I was close to you. Poor and ignorant and weak as you are, with all your faults and sins, I have seen that in your humble life, you have been trying to please me, and have trusted all to me. Come then, poor orphan of earth! to your Father in Heaven, and be received among the angels of God!"

Some of you boys will be ready to say, "Yes, we believe that. We believe that Christ lived for us and loves us now, but how are we going to love Him? How can

we 'please Him' way up in the Heavens? What does it mean to 'believe in Him?'" I will not answer all these questions now, because it might tire you. You know Christ says, "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments," and "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." All that He asks us, in return for His love to us, is that we should believe on Him and love Him. Now, about "believing." Suppose you had a mother, whom you loved very much. Every day she went out and worked hard all day at scrubbing or washing; and she did without every thing herself, in order to give you good food and clothing. All that she asked of you in return was that you should be honest and truthful, and she often told you that, if you cared any thing for her, you would mind her, and never tell a lie or steal. One day you are in the Fulton Market and another boy tells you that one of the grocer's stalls is left for a moment,

and you can slip sily in with him, and make a rich haul. You answer, "Me! Why, *I believe* in my mother! I cannot steal! I must do as she wants me to do!" This is *believing*. This is keeping her commandments because you love her.

Now, how are you, a poor news boy, going to "believe in Christ?" There are two kinds of belief, you know,—head-belief and heart-belief. That boy I was speaking of, might have believed that his mother wished him to be honest, and yet he might not have believed enough, to make him try all he could to please her.

JESUS CHRIST might come into this Lodging-House this evening, and raise up a dead person here to life. You would all "believe" that the miracle was done. You would be very much frightened, and yet you might go out and to-morrow morning be as wicked as ever. The devils, you know, believe and tremble.

This is the head-belief. The heart-belief is something that goes out into all your actions, so that in every thing, even the smallest action, you try to please the Saviour. You believe that He is the Son of God, and has died for you, and you believe that He wants you to be honest and truthful and noble and generous, and you try to be so because He wishes it. Shall I tell you how you would try to please Him? One of you lads is a boot-black. You go out from the Lodging-House early in the morning, with a prayer that Christ would help you through the day. You take your place, and soon a gentleman comes along. "Have your boots blacked, sir?" He stops, and you do your job. He hands you a five-cent note, and turns away. As you open it to put it in your pocket, you find a fifty-cent note rolled up in it. The thought may cross your mind, "Oh, I can make a whole day's earnings the first thing! I'll

have enough to go out to the Park, and get an oyster-supper on the way. He won't miss it!" But then you remember that you are not alone. There is One just by your side, kinder and greater than any Friend. He is watching you. He loves you, and you are trying to please Him. You know that no dishonest boy can be His friend, and your mind is made up. The gentleman is not yet out of sight while all this passes through your mind, and you run after him and hand back his fifty cents. Do you not think God is pleased with that? That is believing in Christ, and trying to keep His commandments. Or, again, suppose some day you have been very unlucky. You are "stuck," as the boys say. You can not sell all your papers. A larger boy comes to you and says, "Now, Tom! there is no use in working so hard as this and making nothing. I can show you a way where we can earn twenty or thirty

dollars easy in one night. Come with me, we'll go *on the lay* together!" Then he tells you how he has seen a window partly open in a back shop, where you can both creep in so nicely, get the goods, and then go to the pawnbrokers and make a very pretty sum. You are very poor. You doubt whether you will have enough to get your supper with, or even a night's lodging here. Twenty or thirty dollars is a large sum. No one will ever know of it. To-morrow it will all be the same. The temptation presses hard. But then arises a picture in your mind of One who suffered on the Cross for you: a Friend so kind, so true, so good, of whom you have heard so often, and whom you so wish to please. You know that He sees you. You know that ~~no thief can be a friend of Christ~~ —if he keeps on in his thefts. You know that sometime you must die, and appear before Him as Judge. You can not bear that *He*

should see you a thief. You know that, poor as you are, He died for your soul, and it is worth too much to stain it with roguery; and almost while the boy is talking with you, you have rejected the temptation, and have set forth your belief in Christ, and have shown Him that you love Him. How much happier you are after it! How delightful it is to love such a Friend, and be loved by Him! How pleasant to think that, in your poor way, you are giving a pleasure to the Lord of all!

May God help every one of you to return His love by a noble life!

II.

THE PARABLE OF THE RICH BOY AND THE POOR BOY

I am going to tell you a story of two boys, which is not exactly true, but which has much truth in it. One was the son of a rich man, and lived in a handsome house in one of our best streets. He always had the finest clothes, plenty of the best food to eat, and spending-money as much as he wanted. The nurses took care of him when he was a child; he lived in rooms where there were beautiful carpets and mirrors and pictures; and every sort of toy was given him. As he grew older, he had his own servant to look after him, his

little pony to ride, and his dog and gun. His mother was very kind to him, and his father gave him every thing he wanted. If you had seen him, how you would have envied him—so nicely dressed, and having every luxury. But, just because he had been given so much, he grew up selfish and very worldly. He was always feeding himself, and never trying to feed the hungry children, who met him with such thin pale faces every day. He never once thought of the poor. He only remembered himself all the time. When he was with his play-fellows he never shared his good things with them: they all called him mean and stingy. When he lay down on his nice mattress at night, or when he awoke, and the sun shone through the rich curtains of his window in the morning, he never once thought of thanking God for all His goodness, in giving him so many comforts. He just lived for himself. He did not even love his mother

enough to do any thing for her. All he thought of, was eating his good things every day, and showing his fine clothes, and how rich he was. When he met a sickly little girl, who was obliged to beg bread, because her mother was so poor, he showed her that he despised her, and if she asked him for any thing he always sent her away empty. Sometimes at school he learned a lesson first, and the other boys would ask him to help them, but he would never do it, for he did not care to give to others what had been given to him. When his teachers told him of Christ, he had no interest in it, because he was thinking so much of himself; and perhaps he knew in his heart that Christ could not be a friend of such a boy.

Well, there was another boy. He was the son of a poor rag-picker in Pitt Street. His father died when he was a baby, and finally his mother, who was a good pious woman,

died also, and he was left alone in the cellar which was their home. The landlord came and drove him out, and he had to go out in the streets and find his living as best he could. He picked up rags and bones and sold them, and so made a little to buy food with, but he slept in boxes and under stairways. His clothes became very ragged, and his face very pale and thin, because he had so little good food. His mother had taught him of God and Christ, and how he must live to please the Saviour; so wherever he went, he was doing little kind acts. One day he saw a little lame dog, and he took him up and bound up his leg and kept him in a deserted cellar, where he himself sometimes slept, till he was well. Another time he met a little street-sweeper, who was crying because she was hungry and had no home, and, though he had only eaten a little himself, he shared his bit of bread with her,

and made her a nice bed of straw in a box, and at last led her to an Industrial School, where kind ladies took care of her. The other boys always knew that this poor rag-picker was ready to share any thing he had with them. He seemed to love every body and to be always thinking of others and not of himself. And the reason was that his mind was full of what his mother had taught him of Christ. While he was picking around in the gutters he would often imagine how Christ looked, how kind and gentle, and he would think how pleasant it would be to meet Him in the great lonely city ; how sweetly the good Jesus would speak to him, poor as he was, and perhaps He would really take him in His arms. And then, as he walked around the streets, he would ask himself what would please this great Friend best, and he would remember how kind and unselfish He was to all, and so he would be kind and unselfish

too to every one. And, when older boys would try to tempt him to impure and wicked acts, he would leave their company at once, because he knew his unseen Friend would not be pleased with such things. He could not lie or steal, because he would say, "A liar and a thief can not be a friend of the Saviour." And so, in his quiet humble way, the poor boy was living to please Christ. Sometimes, as he was lying down in his box at night, looking up at the stars, the tears would roll down his cheeks, as he thought that he was an orphan and so alone; and then he would think of the great and kind Saviour who took up little children in His arms, and who was such a friend to the poor, and he would think he could see that noble, kind face bending over him, the orphan street-child, with such tenderness, and he could almost hear the words, "Ye are my friends if ye keep my commandments?" Then, when

he felt despairing and doubtful, and did not know what would become of himself, because he had so many faults, and had done so many wrong things; he would think of Jesus on the cross, and know that he was forgiven, and that God loved him.

At length, one dāy the poor little rag-picker fell sick, from being out so much in cold and wet, and also from a loathsome disease which he had received from his poor parents. It chanced that, while very cold and faint, he crept down into the front-yard near the basement window of the rich boy's house, and lay there to rest. The rich boy was eating his good supper in the basement, from a table covered with clean white linen, and furnished with silver dishes. As he looked up, he happened to see the pale face of the rag-picker's boy gazing so wistfully in, as he lay there wearily on the hard stones, and his first impulse was to say, "Get out of that yard, you

nasty boy!" but then he thought he might as well give him something to get rid of him, so he threw out some bits of bread from the table. The poor fellow took them thankfully, and as he lay there eating, a dog came up and began licking the sores on his legs and feet. The rich boy thought, "Oh, I am so thankful I am not such a wretched ragamuffin as that!" and left him in disgust, to tell the servants to drive out that ragged boy from his yard. They did not do it; but during the night, if you had been looking at the child, you would have seen a sweet smile on his pale face, and, if you had been able to look into things unseen, you would have beheld beautiful angels, clothed in white, with crowns on their heads and such sweet and lovely faces as you never looked upon before; and they come down into the dark and silent streets and gather around the dying boy. They whisper sweet dreams to him, and he

thinks he is with his dear mother again, and that all pain and weariness and hunger are over forever; and, in the midst of his pleasant dreams, the hard world passes away to him, and the angels bear him to the bosom of the Saviour. He hungers no more, nor thirsts: sorrow and sickness, and the neglect of men, loneliness and orphanage, poverty and trouble, are all passed away. He is *going home*. He regains his mother; he finds more than father and mother in God; he is where all love one another; and, amid the blessed angels and in the green pastures and by the still waters, he thinks with sorrow of the rich and selfish boy, and would like to go back and tell him how sweet it is to love God and to be loved by Him, and to love all men; but he can not.

The next morning after the rag-picker died, the rich boy happened to look out early and saw the ragged boy lying where he was in

the area, and he called to the policeman "to drive that beggar-boy out!" The policeman went down, shook the stiff little body, and said, "The poor little vagabond is dead!" and he took off the body to the Station House, and they buried it, with no tears, in the Alms House grounds. And the rich selfish boy was glad he was not the poor homeless boy who died in the street.

Soon after, the rich boy ate so much that he sickened and died, and there was a grand funeral, and many people went to the tomb with carriages and horses. But no one felt really sorry, for no one loved him. And, as his soul went forth into the darkness, no white-robed angels attended it, but evil spirits with dark wicked faces—the demons of Selfishness and Hate and Pain—bore it along. And no sweet voice of Jesus welcomed it, but only words full of pity and at the same time of sternness, such as sent a cold shudder to the

heart, "*Depart from me*, ye workers of iniquity!" and the soul of the selfish boy was carried away from light and peace, whither one will not try to follow it, even in imagination.

Now, boys, you know that this is not a true story, but it has a great deal of truth in it. It may be considered a kind of *Parable*. Of course, we cannot say, of any particular boy, what becomes of him after his death; but this I know, and you know, that there are just such rich and poor boys. You do not think the rich lad was wicked, because he was rich, do you? No, certainly not. Nor the poor one good, because he was poor. No; but the last was unselfish and the other was selfish—that was the difference between them. The lesson of the Parable is, that if you love God and your fellow-men, it makes no difference how poor and miserable you are; and if you do not love them, but are cold and

hard-hearted, it is of no matter how rich you are,—you are really worse off than if you were poor. And this is still more so in the other world, where there are no riches or poverty.

III.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

"WHAT WILL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?"—Mark viii. 37.

ALL you boys know what exchanging is. Every day you hear of one boy "swapping" with another. One of you brings forward a knife and says, "What will you give?" and the other answers, "What will you take?" and another knife or so much money is offered and the bargain made. You know well enough, too, what a good bargain or bad bargain is. If a boy bring you a knife with loose rivets or rusty springs, and wants half a dollar for it, you can tell him very quickly whether you will make a bargain with him. Or, suppose

one of your companions suddenly, by some strange accident, should receive possession of a considerable property in city-lots, and should come down among you and hold up his papers and titles, and ask if any of you would buy it for a dinner. You would consider him a fool or insane. Did you ever think, boys, that there was always somebody among you, trying to make a bargain with you, and a bad bargain, too ?

I remember an old story which used to picture the Evil One as a gentleman-in-black, who bought men's souls, and in return he would give them gold or horses and castles. The sign of the sale was always that the poor victim should write his name in his own blood at the foot of the deed, and sometimes that he should lose his shadow. The story would picture him going about the world, trying to enjoy his money, but always worried by not seeing his shadow, and sometimes suspected

by other people. Nothing gives him any pleasure, and at last he finds, may be, that the gentleman-in-black has cheated him, too, and finally, after a miserable life, his soul is clutched and carried off by the Evil One, amid fire and smoke.

My boys! the Evil One is still going around, though not exactly in that form, and trying to make the same bargain. Every day he is whispering in your ear, "What will you take for your soul?" and you are answering, "What will you give?" The bargain is put to you a hundred times every twenty-four hours, by your own wicked desires, and by others who are tempting you. One boy has inherited from his father a passion for strong drink. Each day some one puts a glass of liquor before him and says, "What will you take for your soul?" and he says, "What will you give? Will you give a glass of brandy?" and he sells his control over himself for a

sixpence, and by and by his soul itself is ruined. Another goes out in the morning, and enters a store to make a little purchase: he sees lying unnoticed, on one corner of the counter, a dollar bill. He can take it, and no one see him. There is the dreadful whisper in his ear, "What will you take for your character?" Instead of throwing out the offer at once, he enters into the bargain. He makes "a trade." For one dollar he sells his honesty. One of you, perhaps, is in a shop as errand-boy. While cleaning in the morning, you break some valuable ornament, which you can conceal, and throw the blame of the damage on some one else. The part of an honest and noble boy would be to confess it at once. But the old tempter is there, "What will you take for your truthfulness?" and you ask, "What will you give for my soul?" and the bargain is struck. You sell your honor for some trifle. So go the bargains every day

with you boys, for your souls. And such bargains! If you were selling your cast-off clothing, which you sometimes burn up, you could hardly sell your souls cheaper.

The Bible says, "*What will a man give in exchange for his soul?*" as if it thought it a most valuable and wonderful thing, and not to be bargained for any wealth in exchange.

What is it that makes any thing given for your soul so worthless, compared with it?

You know, when you are making a bargain, if you have any thing which can last, you hold it of far more value than something which decays and falls to pieces.

Now, this soul of yours, which you bargain about every day so lightly, can never wear out or come to an end. I know this is hard for you to understand. But take that little boy there on that seat—ragged, poor, homeless outcast as he is! You might think he could live and die, and nobody know or

care when he was gone. But, boys, when New-York shall have all crumbled away, and no human being have known where it is when this solid earth has become dust, and scattered abroad through the universe; when the old Sun is gone out, because age has quenched his light, and the stars themselves have worn away, then that little boy's soul will be only in the morning of its existence, and just beginning its course for good or evil. *The soul never dies.* Don't you think we ought to value such a thing as that? And do you wonder the Bible asks, "What *will* a man give in exchange for his soul?" It is this everlasting object that you are trading away, every day! To think that you boys shall live forever! No one can imagine what ETERNITY is. One old legend tells us that, if we would try to get an idea of it, we must imagine a small yoke, just large enough for a turtle's head, floating on the great ocean.

The turtle comes up to the surface once in a million of years. When at length, after trying and trying again, for almost innumerable times, he happens to have arisen so as to put his neck through the yoke, Eternity will have just begun.

You lads are to live while God lives.

But another thing which shows the value of your soul, is that CHRIST lived and died for it. The blessed Son of God came upon earth, and lived, and suffered on the cross, to save, not alone the soul of the rich man and powerful man, but the soul of the poor—of the outcast and homeless and ignorant as well—*your* soul. If your soul had been, as perhaps the animals are, of no great value and soon to come to an end, or even if it had been of only moderate worth, the SAVIOUR would hardly have done so much and suffered so much for it. Would he? God so *loved* the world, you know the Bible

says, that He gave His only Son to save it, and He would not have done that unless every man, no matter how poor and low, had been of immense value. Some other time I shall speak more of Christ's work, but now I only mention it to show how exceedingly valuable this soul of yours is, that the great and loving Jesus could come upon earth and die for it. You would never think of risking your life for a dog, and yet you might for a child, but Jesus Christ has shown His love to you, and how much He values your soul, in that, while you were yet a sinner and wicked, He has offered up His life for you, to bring you to God and to save you.

Now, boys, when you have such a wealth as this within you—a treasure which shall never wear out, and which the Son of God Himself thought of value enough to die for—how can you offer it every day in bargain for such mere trash as you do?

You know what you would think of that boy I was speaking of, who should "trade" his city-lots for a dinner. Or suppose that boy who went from here to California the other day, should come back some time with a nugget of gold which he had found, and offer to sell it for an old jack-knife! What a fool you would think him! And yet, he would be wise, compared with you. Here you have a treasure which is worth more than a thousand Californias, with all their gold, and every day you are trading it for a few pennies. Somebody comes and says, "What will you take for your soul?" and you say, "Will you give half-a-dollar?" or sometimes you even answer, "I'll take a six-pence!"

The next time a large boy meets you and wants you to go on some petty thieving expedition, think within yourself "I am only a poor boy, but I have a soul which is worth

as much to God as Mr. Astor's, and I can't afford to risk it by a theft!" Or, when some gentleman gives you the wrong change for a paper, and you know it, say to yourself, "I cannot sell my honesty for a few pennies, or for any price. My soul is to live for ever, and Christ died for it, and I must keep it free from dishonor, and not risk it." And, when passions rise up within you, and the fierce anger is ready to flame forth, remember that there the old Tempter is, saying "What will you take?" and you are just ready to sell your soul for mere trash.

Oh, boys! no mortal man can tell what that soul of yours is worth! Who can know what it has within it: what powers: what goodness and what evil. We only know that it shall live when all other things have died and that the Son of God felt it of enough value to bear the cross for it; and all that He said of it, showed what a tremendous and

fearful thing He felt all sin and wrong to be for it. We know, too, that solemn verse of the Bible, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

IV.

THANKFULNESS.

"WHAT SHALL I RENDER UNTO THE LORD FOR ALL
HIS BENEFITS TOWARD ME?"—Ps. cxvi. 12.

VERY few boys ever think of what they have to be thankful for. You enjoy very many things, but you seldom remember who gave them to you. You "have a good time," but how you get this "good time," and from whom it comes, you never ask.

Take the mere matter of the senses alone. How much you enjoy sight! But do you ever think of those deprived of it, and how you would feel if you lost it? Have you ever visited that large building in the upper part of the city, where the children are who can

not see? There you will find little boys and girls, no larger than you, who are perfectly blind. They have never seen their fathers or mothers or sisters and brothers. They can not look at the sky or the clouds, or the trees and flowers. All this beautiful world is a great black space to them. They are shut up in a closet all the time. Think how you would feel if you had to walk about with a thick veil over your head. They can not read or study as you do. They must have books with great raised letters, that they can feel with their fingers. They have to study their lessons and maps with their hands. When they play, they must feel with their hands and feet before them, for fear they should run into something. So they are in the "Blind Asylum," and so they go all their days. But *you*—you could always see. You have always had the most beautiful picture-gallery in the world before you, and

you never thought of being thankful for it. I don't suppose, as you lie down at night, you ever remember to utter one word of thanks for your eyes! Did you ever thank God for sight?

Then, your hearing! how much you enjoy it! Think of the grand music of the bands as they march up Broadway. Then remember the pleasant voice of your mother, or of some lady who has been kind to you, or think of the cheerful noise, you and the other boys make every day! If any of you have ever been in the country, try to recall how delightful the song of the birds was to you in the morning. Now think of all this being cut off from you; suppose you could never hear the sound of the trumpet or the drum again, never talk with the other boys or hear their pleasant shouts. Imagine the whole world shut up, still and dead to you; your mother's voice, your sis-

ter's, every body's closed to you, and you never to listen to it any more. You can not hear the rumble of Broadway, or the shouts of the news boys, or the songs of these meetings. If you are in the country, the birds can not sing to you; there is no cackling of hens, or lowing of cows, or buzzing of insects: all is still and dead.

Were you ever in the "Deaf and Dumb Asylum," and did you ever see there the hundreds of boys and girls who can not speak or hear a word? All their talking is done with their hands—by signs or letters, made with their fingers. The whole world of sound is shut up to them. And yet, did *you* ever have a single feeling of thankfulness for all that you hear? Did you ever think that God was good to you? Did you ever, in getting up or going to bed, thank Him for your hearing and speaking? I doubt whether you have.

Then, your *reason*! Have you ever seen people who were deprived of their reason? Were you ever at the "Lunatic Asylum" on Blackwell's Island? There you will find persons talking and jabbering all the day long, never stopping for an instant; some imagine themselves kings or queens; some are disputing with people that they fancy are there; some are sitting and looking at vacancy, gloomy and silent; some are raving and foaming at the mouth and have to be chained, and would kill any one they could find. All these poor creatures are "out of their heads;" they have lost their reason. They may have been highly educated men and women once, but now they are no more than children. If you were their son or their brother, they might not know you. How terrible it is! To think that there is such a dreadful pit before any one of us, and that this beautiful mind of ours can be put all out

of tune—just as you have seen an old grinding piano; or the machinery become all out of gear, just as the printing-press below stairs might be, if one of you should go in at night and disarrange it, and afterwards raise the steam and set it agoing.

You and I are only a step from the Lunatic Asylum. A brick falling from this roof on our heads, might make us crazy all our days. In a moment, we *could* become idiots, or jabbering and raving “lunatics.”

Ought we not to be thankful then for our reason? Is not God good to us, to keep us sane in mind and able to know things as they are, and without any fever of brain or wild fancies or imaginations! But do you ever thank Him for your reason? Did you ever put a word in your prayer, of gratitude because your mind was sound and He had kept you from insanity?

Then another cause of gratitude. You

boys are very healthy. Were you ever thankful for health? Just go into St. Luke's Hospital for children, or to Randall's Island, or to some wards in the City Hospital, and observe the children tossing with sickness and dying—boys and girls no older than you. There you will see a little fellow, not larger than that one on the front seat—perhaps not nine years old—all bent up with a spinal disease, a little hunch-back and cripple. Another is lying, his eyes heavy, and mouth black, and head hot with fever, sometimes talking wildly in delirium; another poor little one is coughing hard, and you hear, is dying of consumption; another moves restlessly about in her bed with the pain of loathsome sores, which she has received from her wicked parents; another has a broken arm; another a dreadful rheumatism, and so on throughout.

How sad it is to see a sick child! But you, boys, are all well; you can run about,

and sleep on a board, and eat a crust, and do your work, or play with the other boys, and seldom feel a pang of sickness. It is a great blessing to you. Many a rich man's boys would exchange all they have for your health and strength. It is one of the compensations, as they call it, of Providence—one of the ways, in which God makes up to you the want of home and means. Your hard life (if you live through it) gives you firm muscles, and a strong back and good stomach, and you enjoy all you eat, and sleep soundly. How many a rich invalid, groaning with pain, looking at one of you rollicking boys, would say, "I would cheerfully give a hundred thousand dollars for that boy's health!" And, yet, you never spend a thought upon it! You never stop long enough to breathe, to say to God, "I thank Thee for *health*!"

Suppose you had a little brother, and you

had given him such beautiful presents as seeing and hearing and reason and health, and he never so much as *looked* any feeling of thanks, would you not have thought him very hard and insensible? God is not angry with you when you are ungrateful, but He is sorry that you show so poor a heart. You would not surely treat your mother so, if she had been half as kind—would you?

Think how constantly good, God is! He is giving all the time to every one. He is like the sun—you know it shines down in the Five Points and in the Fifth Avenue just the same. He is kind to wicked boys and to good boys. He never tires of it. If your mother is kind, you know that sometimes she loses her temper and is cross with you. No one of your friends and comrades can always bear with you: they sometimes find you dull or ill-tempered or disagreeable, and they cease to be kind with you. But how patient God

is! How he bears with all your pettishness, your bad thoughts, your foul words, your fighting and lying and swearing and stealing. He never gets tired of you. He is always giving you your senses—your sight and hearing. Your reason and health, He continues to you! He keeps you in life, and is always asking you to be good. He never stops inviting you to love Him. When you are ungrateful, He only pities you as a good father pitieth his children. He is too great and good to be impatient with you. He knew how weak you would be, before he put you in the world, and he is not surprised now. He loved you always. He loves you now, even when you are wicked. He will love you more when you are good; but He will always give you good things in this world, and all He asks in return is to give Him your heart, to love Him and please Him.

Therefore, boys, think of the every-day

mercies you are receiving from God all the while, and let your hearts be warm with gratitude and love, and say, "All that I can do, shall be done to please my kind Father in Heaven!" And when you ask, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" answer, in return to yourself, I will give Thee my heart, oh Lord !

V.

SACRIFICE.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A
MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."—John
xv: 13.

THE great lesson, boys, from the past week* of battles in Virginia, is the same with that from the chapter this evening—SACRIFICE.

You will hardly know what I mean, but think a moment who those men are, we have been reading about, in our army, and what they are doing in the Virginia thickets. They are, some of them, men who have left every comfort; who had fine houses

* The memorable week in May, 1864.

and furniture, and cattle and horses and carriages, and large estates; men who would not go to war merely for the bounty. There are others who abandoned honorable positions, and left wife or children or parents at home. You remember one among them who was candidate for governor of this State—a gentleman of the highest position, the largest landholder of New York, and a noble man. Who was he? Yes, General WADSWORTH. Well, there those young men and youths are, and others of all classes, some from your own number, sleeping on the ground, wet with snow and rain, often cold and hungry, working hard day and night, and, during this last week, marching up to the batteries, which are pouring forth death, meeting the shrieking shell and whistling cannon-ball, as cheerfully as if they were marching to music down Broadway.

There they lie, thousands and thousands;

some stiff and cold in death, some bloody and helpless with wounds, some with legs blown off, or arms amputated, or with deep wounds from bayonet or bullet or shell; some dying in tangled thickets, with no voice of affection to utter the last words to the dying, or friendly hand to wipe away the death-sweat from the forehead; some coming to their end in tents and hospitals; and all sacrificing friends and home and life, and all things as dear to them as they are to us—and why? Merely that they might leave a country, *united and free*, to you and to me and to us all. They suffer that we may be happy. They die that others may live. And so it has been through all this war. Our best and noblest young men, gentlemen of education and fortune, of talent and character—you have seen some of them at these meetings—young men who could have succeeded in any business at home, and become richer than any of us will ever be;

and yet they chose exposure and wounds and death, merely for the sake of their country. They sacrificed themselves for others. We know the names of some of them. They ought to be in golden letters all over this Lodging-House—LYON and WINTHROP and PUTNAM and SHAW and BAKER and REYNOLDS and SEDGWICK and WADSWORTH and hosts of others. So it is, boys, all through history. One generation dies that another may live. Our fathers went through the seven years' struggle with England, endured winter and hardship and poverty, died on a hundred battle-fields, that we might be independent and form a great Republic; and yet that was not so noble a sacrifice as what we see now; for our friends and kinsmen are dying, not alone to make themselves and their children free, but also to do justice to the despised and down-trodden slave.

All America has reaped the harvest of those

terrible sacrifices of the Revolution. So, for centuries to come, millions of men, both black and white, will thank God that the young men of our day were willing to suffer and die for Liberty and Country.

You have known what "sacrifice" is, in your own lives. I see boys here to-night whose mothers have toiled day after day, from early morning to late night, just to earn a few shillings for them, to give them a better garment, a coat or pair of shoes, so that they might go to school. Some of you have had fathers who have worked hard for you, from one year's end to the other. (Signs of dissent.) I suppose that boy means that his father hasn't done much for him; perhaps, when he was drunk, he turned his son out of doors. Still, some of you have seen what sacrifice is in your fathers. You know that what shows love best, is doing and suffering for others. You never loved your mother so much, as when you saw

her scrubbing hard all day for you, and at night giving you nearly all the supper, and doing without, herself, to supply your want. You knew then how much she loved you.

There are boys here that sacrifice themselves for others. Some of you run about, selling papers all day, and labor very hard, and fully half of your earnings goes to your little brother who is not able to do so much as you, or to your poor sister who depends on your wages, or to your old mother. I hope there are some who, if they meet a boy in the streets poorer than themselves, go to him and say, "Here's something, boy, to help you along; come up to the Lodging-House!" and they set him up in business, even when it costs them considerably. This is sacrifice.

But the greatest of all sacrifices, we have read about to-night. You know there is nothing you could do, which shows your love to any one, like dying for him.

Suppose you were that boy who was being drawn up from the shaft of a deep mine, in a large bucket with his father. Slowly and slowly they mount; the little round opening of blue at the top grows larger and larger, as they approach the entrance, when, a few rods from the top, the father sees that the strands of the rope are parting. Thread by thread is going, and in a few moments more he knows they shall both be dashed down, hundreds of feet, to the bottom. If he springs forth, the few threads remaining may carry his boy to the top. In a moment he makes up his mind, and jumps forth, and is dashed to atoms, while the lad just reaches the top as the rope parts, and is safe.

How would that son have felt through life toward that father! The one had died that the other might live. What love and gratitude he would have shown in his life to his father's memory; how would he have sought

to do every thing which he knew would have pleased his father!

Boys, the Son of God came upon earth, and took upon Himself the form of humanity. He was a poor man among poor men. * He was the working-men's friend. He went about in such places as the Five Points and Water Street, and talked with the poor drunkards and the bad women, in order to do them good. He was where the fever cases and the paralytic, and all the most filthy diseases were. He did not try to make money and win office, or get fame; He lived only to do good to very ignorant and poor people, who could never do any thing for him in return, except love Him. At last, He died, not for his own countrymen or for good people alone, but for all men of all countries, to reconcile them to God, if they would only believe and love Him.

We can not explain it all to you; but this

we know, that Jesus died for us that we might live to God. You have seen pictures of Him on the cross; the hands and feet pierced with nails; the head covered with thorns; the soldiers and rabble mocking Him; and, at length, one thrusting a spear into His side—this blessed and good Saviour dying in agony. All this was that you and I might become friends to God, and might love Him, knowing our sins forgiven, and try to please and be the followers of Christ. Jesus died to bring you to Heaven. This was the great SACRIFICE. Should you not love a Being who had done all this for you? And how would you show your love? Yes, that is the right answer. “*By doing what He likes!*” Think, then, every day, what would please God most: what He would like best. Of course, you know He would be best pleased, if you could do to others what He has done for you. Perhaps

you can sacrifice yourself for others. I do not say when or how. But somewhere there will be a chance for you to live or suffer or die for others, and so be like Christ.

VI.

CHRISTMAS.

MORE than eighteen hundred and sixty years ago to-day, a little Baby came into the world, born in the stable of an inn, where travellers often have to stay when the house is full—perhaps a cave in the rock, which is sometimes used as a stable in the Eastern countries.

Now, if you, like “the wise men,” had heard that the most wonderful Person ever born on earth, the King of the Heavenly Kingdom, the Son of God, was to come in human form somewhere in Judea, where would you first have sought for him? Would you not have gone to Jerusalem, the rich

and beautiful city; and would you not have searched among the rich houses, and in the families of the wealthy and learned for him? Certainly you would. But how surprised you would have been to have found him, instead, among common laboring people, in the stable of a mean inn, in a poor village. If you had seen him you would have found him a little baby, just like any other you may see now, only perhaps with a beautiful light about his head, and a wonderful expression in his baby-eyes. Perhaps you would have kneeled down with those grand old men from the far East and have offered your gifts too, with theirs, to the Wonderful Child; but you would have wondered why he was born among such poor people.

I will tell you more of the reason by and by.

At this time, up on the hills near by, were some shepherds, watching their flocks

by night, for, though it was December, they could bear the night air easily in that climate, and the sheep must be constantly guarded against animals and thieves. Suddenly a great light, like a most brilliant "Northern light," beamed around them, lighting up the hill-top, the flocks of sheep and the shepherds wrapped in their cloaks, and shining far down into the dark valleys; and with it there came from the skies an immense multitude of angels, with the sweetest and noblest faces you ever imagined; and they sang the best song ever sung upon earth. What was it? Yes, "*Glory to God in the highest! Peace upon earth and good-will to men!*"

It is a song which only a few men, here and there, have ever repeated; which is a sort of melody from Heaven to tell us what sweet music shall come by and by from the earth, and which, in some blessed day in the

shed and murder and war are all over, shall sound out in delightful harmony from the whole round world and all its millions of people.

Well, on this glorious day, we are to think what we owe to that little Baby, born on that first Christmas morn. Since he was born, the world has been a different place from what it was before. If you go into all the great cities of Europe and America, you will find the most miserable creatures, men and women and children, who can not speak or write or think intelligently—*idiots*, cared for, kindly treated, and educated in roomy and healthy buildings. In other places, you will see the insane—the wild, raving maniacs, the gloomy, brooding and moping ones, the men and women who imagine themselves every sort of person, and who are chattering incessantly to themselves all the day long:

you will see these tenderly and nicely cared for; their wants supplied, their minds taught, and often their madness gradually cured—all at the public expense. In another building, you will see the blind sheltered and taught to read and write and work, day after day. In another, the deaf and dumb, instructed to speak and write in their own way, and made useful to the world. All these charities came from that little Baby. Before Him, they used to leave these poor creatures out to the wild beasts, or in desolate places; sometimes they were killed while children, and no one, except their own relations (and not always they) ever cared for them. Then you have seen the Hospitals—some of you boys have been in them—where the sick poor are cared for, kindly and skillfully, and the Dispensaries which furnish medicine and doctors to the poor people; all these come from that little Infant. Before He

was in the world there was nothing of this sort. The sick had to take care of themselves as they best could ; sometimes they were left out in desert places for wild animals to eat up. Then look at the Schools of Charity ; see how many thousand children of the poor are fed and clothed and taught, at these industrial schools and in these asylums. There was a time when such children were exposed in the public market to be sold as slaves, or cut up by witches, or reared by bad women for wicked purposes. See the Prisons and places of punishment ; love and kindness enter even these, and the wicked boys and girls come forth, sometimes from the Houses of Refuge, to be good men and women. Think of the Societies in this city alone for helping the orphan, the sick, the crippled, the destitute, the criminal, the unfortunate, the drunkard, the tempted, and the slave. There are so many I could hardly number

them over to you. These all come from that wonderful Baby. So with the Churches, the Sabbath Schools, the Missionaries, the Temperance agencies—all these ten thousand things which are trying to scatter love and good-will among men and lead them to God. These all come from that Child, born in a manger, on that first Christmas morning.

It was He who especially aroused men to love the poor and lame and blind and sick and neglected; and so, as men became more and more filled with His spirit, they opened hospitals and asylums and places of refuge for these unfortunate creatures. He came among the poor, especially to show God's sympathy with the great masses of mankind—the poor and laboring people—just such as you are, boys.

That little Babe has made the hard old world smile. He has wiped away more tears than you could ever count. He has

healed broken hearts by the millions: He has lightened the burthen of the neglected poor, and eased the toil of the forgotten slave: He has shed light in poor homes, and made the prison happy to many a captive. He has settled more quarrels than all the courts of the world: He has scattered Love, instead of Hate, among men, and unselfishness in place of selfishness. Where that Christ-child has played, the old desert of the world has blossomed like the rose. Kindness has sprung up among men, revenge and hate have died away, love has entered the heart, and men have learned how sweet it is to live and die for others. All we have best on earth comes from the spirit of that little Babe, poured into the heart of men. And yet that Infant—or rather his spirit—has only just begun to touch the hearts of mankind. Slowly, and step by step, a little every hundred years, he gets possession of

more and more human souls, and more thoroughly. By and by, when the Christ-child sits a king over all hearts, we shall not hear of thousands of our fellow-creatures destroying one another with shot and shell and bayonet. The air will not be full of groans and cries and curses. The ground will not be wet with brother's blood. The slave will not sigh under his unpaid toil, or the drunkard ruin wife and child for his accursed appetite. No, "Peace on earth and Good-will to men" shall rule every where. This is surely coming, though it must be far, far away. But even now, how much have we to be grateful for *in this world*, to this Wonderful Child!

But more than this, as we have often considered before, how much do we each owe to Him, in the *Heavenly Life* which is to begin here, and will never end. Through that Infant you are reconciled to God and

become His friends. You would never have known of God, as He is, but through Him. You might never have loved Him. You would have had no certainty that your sins were forgiven, or that He could pardon and love you. To the life and death of that Child—when become a man—you owe all that you have here, and all that you can hope for hereafter.

Shall we not be grateful then, this glorious Christmas morning, to that Infant born in Bethlehem, and unite with the angels in singing that heavenly song, "Peace on earth and Good-will to men," and every where try to show forth in the world that Peace and that Good-will?

VII.

KEEPING THE SUNDAY.

"THE SON OF MAN IS LORD ALSO OF THE SABBATH."

Luke vi. 5.

You know, boys, that the Christian Sunday ought to be to Christians the best and most happy day of the whole year. It is the day of the Son of Man—it is the Lord's day. We celebrate on it the most joyful event that ever occurred in the history of man—the rising of Christ from the grave. You know that I do not believe in gloom or unhappiness on that day. I would like to see you all cheerful and light-hearted then, though, of course, we do not wish you to be boisterous and noisy.

Now, in regard to the Sabbath, I know

that some of you lads have a rather difficult problem. You rise up Sunday morning with only a sixpence in your pocket—not enough to get your meals and a lodging with, if you rest from labor. You are hungry like other people, and would prefer a bed to “the side of a plank,” and so you go out and sell your papers, and earn enough to have your meals and your bed. Now, you know I have never blamed you—that is, the poorest of you—for such things. We all have to work in our families on Sundays; we cook our meals and make our beds. A certain amount of work must go on that day as through other days. But what I do say is, that you boys, except as as a matter of necessity, should never carry on your usual labor upon Sunday.

Here we are, out on the ocean of life, steering we don't know where, and every man and boy of us needs one day in which “to take his bearings.”

Were you ever at sea for days or weeks in cloudy weather, when no stars or sun could be seen, and all the passengers began to be anxious, lest the captain should have missed his reckoning, and they were plunging on to some ridge of breakers, instead of steering toward the harbor, and at length a clear day came in which the captain could take his bearings? What a joy that day was to all! So ought Sunday to be to you, boys! You are running about the streets from morning to night, on week-days; you hardly take time to mutter a prayer in the morning, as you jump up, or to say your evening prayer, as you are getting into bed. You are busy all the time; you are sorely tempted by ten thousand evil things; you do not know where that ship of yours is steering, whether toward the harbor, or into the rocks; the storms are about you, breakers are ahead, and you have not leisure to look around. No one needs a

Sabbath—a day of rest and worship—as you do.

Taking merely the material good, it will be very useful for you to be clean and well-dressed for one day; or if you have not the clothes, at least to show clean faces and well-combed hair that day. It will do your health good to rest—not to run or shout for one day.

But far more than these things, you need a quiet day to read your Testament, to sing, to join in these meetings and hear the instruction here, to listen to prayer and the Bible, and above all, to think about your own life, and pray for help from above. Perhaps you find that every day you are falling into bad company, and you see you are becoming worse instead of better: perhaps your temper is sharper than it used to be: perhaps you are forgetting to pray: perhaps you have fallen into bad habits. This

is a good day to examine all this, and to think of Christ, who will cleanse and help you. I am sure you would enjoy the next week far, far better if you had spent a good Sabbath. I appeal to those boys who do spend it quietly and well here, if it is not so. Do you not go to your work with more relish, and feel better after a well-spent Sunday? I know it is so.

You have a soul which you must look after most earnestly. It is worth just as much to you as ours to us. It will live forever. You cannot afford to neglect it. You had better give up any other day than the Sabbath.

Now as to those boys, whom I spoke of in the beginning, who are so poor that they think they must work on Sundays to keep soul and body together, I think many of them might manage to spend a quiet Sunday. You know, for the winter, there is usually

a fund contributed by some kind friends, to give a Sunday dinner to the boys who do not work. I am sure that, for your lodging and other meals, Mr. O'CONNOR would gladly help you if you should ask him; and then, perhaps, you would succeed so much better the next week that you would have a little capital by the following Sunday, and need not beg from him. The principal thing is, to try to do your best and to please Christ; and if you are absolutely compelled to work, He will be pleased with that. Remember that He is Lord of the Sabbath, and that all that you do on that day ought to have something to do with him. We do not ask you to be gloomy, or sour or melancholy, on Sunday. If you are loving Christ and trying to please Him, that day ought to be the brightest of the year. If you do not love Him, begin on that day, and then it will always be pleasant to you.

I can not tell you exactly how to spend it, but I can say, make it a cheerful, peaceful, and religious day. Read over the beautiful stories of the Old Testament; study the words of the blessed Saviour. If you can not read, get one of the boys to read to you. Sing your pleasant hymns here with your companions. Last week, a sweet little girl, only thirteen—whom some of you know—died of fever, and her last words to her father and mother and sisters, were the hymns you have so often sung, such as “There’s a sweet rest in Heaven!” and “There’ll be no parting there!” How pleasant it will be for you to remember these hymns when you are out at sea, or in the army, or on a western farm—how you will enjoy the singing of them! They may even comfort you in “the valley of the shadow of death!”

The Sabbath, too, is a good day to bring happiness to other people. If you have any

poor old relative—some aunt, or perhaps a grandmother—a little visit from you with a loaf of bread, or a package of tea in your pocket, would please her, and your kind words most of all. Some of you have run away from your drunken mothers, or your fathers have cast you out of doors. Perhaps a Sunday visit from you, well-dressed, and the singing of one of our sweet hymns, might do them good, and make them turn from drinking. But I do not say *how* you should spend it—only make it the *Lord's Day*. Think of Him all the time; try to please Him every moment; read of Him, pray to Him. Imitate Him in doing good to the poor and sick and wicked, and it will be a happy day and a day good for your own soul.

VIII.

THOROUGHNESS.

**"WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, THAT DO
WITH THY MIGHT."—Ecc. ix. 10.**

WE all like a "thorough-going" boy; a boy that carries through what he has begun. You know there are some people that never hold fast to any thing; they are "unstable as water;" they begin one thing and then try another; you can not depend on them. There are, sometimes, boys here that never *stick* to any occupation. They begin as news boys, but soon become tired of selling papers; then they try places as errand-boys; then they blacken boots in the streets; then they carry baggage; then they go to a farm

for a while. Next they are tired of the country, and seek work in a factory; and finally, ragged and poor, they end on the streets.

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There is no steadiness in them—no power of holding on to what they have determined to do. What is it in GEN. GRANT, and especially in the Army of the Potomac, that most of all makes us admire them? Is it not that in them which is not discouraged by defeat and disaster; which only strives the harder the greater the difficulties; which gives them a new glow of ardor when a new obstacle comes; which makes them unconquerably determined to gain their end through whatever pain or toil or blood? They show the good old English quality which we want to see in you—pertinacity—the power of *sticking to* a thing.

No man ever comes to any thing who is always changing. If you choose any occu-

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pation you should stay by it, till you find it entirely unsuited to you; or till time shows that you can not succeed in it, and then you can leave it for good reason. But for this you need time. It will take months, or years, before you find this out. And you never can tell how much, clinging to a thing will make you like it. Then it is better for your character to do a work you do not like for a time, rather than get a habit of fickleness and change.

Do you remember that story of Robert Bruce, after his defeats, while hiding in a cave from his pursuers, seeing a spider try eleven times to swing a thread across to the other side of the cavern, and on the twelfth time succeeding? The great chief learnt a lesson from this, and resolved not to be discouraged, but to try and try again; and the result was that he at length won the Scottish throne. So you will find—just as

GEN. GRANT did at Vicksburgh—that when every path of success seems to have been tried, there is still left a way open which brings victory. You must not lose heart if you do not make a fortune or win a position in a month, or a year, or several years. Keep trying and trying again, and *stick to* what you have begun.

But a thorough boy, one who doeth with his might what his hand findeth to do, is a boy who is a thorough worker. Whatever job he has on hand, he does it well. If he blackens boots he makes them *shine*; if he sweeps side-walks, he does not merely spatter the passer-by, but he really cleans them; if he is an errand-boy, he does not play on the way, but finishes his message quickly and well; if he is a servant, he is not an “eye-server,” but he acts as if his master always saw him; if he is on a farm, he does not shirk his “chores,” but he performs all his work

faithfully. Such a lad will be sure to "get on" in the world. Every one who employs him will like him. He is worth more than an untrustworthy and surface-working person : he can be depended upon : he has the priceless gift of sincerity even in his work. Of course he will soon command higher wages. While other lads get three or five dollars a week, he will earn his six or ten. His employers will promote him, and he must succeed. And here let me say, that you boys, who are looking for occupations, should choose those which will give you the best permanent employment. Now you are very apt to choose just the other way. You find, for instance, that you can earn a dollar a day at selling newspapers, and that, when you have taken out six cents for lodging, and twenty cents for meals and money for other little expenses, you save every day some fifty or sixty cents. This seems a pretty good business for a little boy.

On the other hand, you are offered a place in some merchant's shop, where for a month or three months, you can earn nothing but your board. It seems such a poor offer, compared with what you have, that you think you would rather keep on in newspaper-selling. But what can you make in the news-business? You may, perhaps, be very fortunate, and become a "speculator," and buy up a number of papers, and eventually keep a "stand." But even then you will only earn a small income; and the greater probability is that, in the uncertainties of your trade, and with the temptations of the street, you will come down, as we know so many, to be merely street-vagrants. While, if you had learnt a good trade, in a few years you would have had excellent pay, and been improving your position all the while. But better even than a trade, is the chance offered to every lad on a Western Farm. There you will have

every advantage. You can go to school; as you grow up you will earn good wages; by and by you can own your own little farm, and have your own cow and pony and sheep and hogs. There are boys that went out from here who are now property-holders in the West, out of debt, and owning their bits of farms.

I am sorry to see so many lads here who will hold on to blackening boots and sweeping side-walks for years. They ought to get ahead in the world. They should take trades, or enter factories, or become office-boys, and, above all, they should accept the splendid chance opened to them in the great and fertile West. Boot-blackening is a kind of idle, vagrant business, and should only be taken up by those who are too poor or ignorant to find any thing else. Seek for something solid and permanent in your employment. I am sorry to see, also, that

some of the cleverer lads are using their savings to speculate with, to buy gold or gamble in stocks, when they might set themselves up in some profitable and respectable employment.

But our text does not bear alone on the trade and business of life. It means, that we must be earnest workers in all things, and most of all, in the religious work of life. We must hunger and thirst after righteousness; we must strive after salvation. A lazy boy can not easily get to Heaven. Narrow is the way that leadeth to the Kingdom of Heaven, and many there be that fail therein. It needs hard, steady, thorough work to do the will of God. Faults are not overcome by any *droning*, easy process. If you are a swearer; if you indulge in lies and cheats; if you are in the habit of quarrels and fighting; if you steal; if you are too fond of money and pleasure; if you are selfish and

stingy, it is not the work of a day or a few months to be free of these things. You must hunger and thirst after goodness ; you must pray and work ; you must never tire or be discouraged ; but, looking ever to the blessed Saviour, and knowing that He can free you from all sin, you must first devote yourself to Him, and what will please Him, and never let any thing turn you from this course of life, or weary you, or dishearten you ; and, in the end, God will reward the earnest seeker after Himself.

IX.

FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

"YE ARE MY FRIENDS IF YE DO WHATSOEVER I
COMMAND YOU."—John xv. 14.

EVERY boy wants a good friend. You know there are all sorts of friends in the world. Some seem very true and warm, when you are well-off and able to help them; but the moment you fall into any misfortune, they turn the cold shoulder on you and leave you. Some are friends of your vices, and stick by you while you go with them in their indulgences. They are ready to drink with you, or gamble with you, or to lead you to worse haunts; but if you talk of going to an evening-school, or

being steady, or reforming your life, they find you very dull, and soon avoid your company. They are the friends of the grog-shop, but not of the Sunday-meeting. Then there are many older boys who propose to be friends of you younger, but are really trying "to pluck" you. They want to get your money at cards or dice, or they mean to use you as a "decoy" in stealing, or a "receiver" in a crowd, of things picked from pockets, or as a tool* in burglary. When they have finished using you in this nefarious manner, they will cast you aside like an old rag; and often you will be left behind prison bars, while they escape.

But how much you boys want a friend! Most of you are either orphans, or have been abandoned by your parents. You have often

* The small boys are sometimes employed by the larger to crawl through broken panes, to aid in burglary.

a very lonely, wretched life. You look into cheerful lighted windows at night, and you feel, in your lonesome poverty, how pleasant it would be to have brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and such a home! You are very low-spirited sometimes, and you hardly know why. It is because you want somebody who will take an interest in you and feel some sympathy for you. Though you are half men in some ways, you are mere children in others. You hunger as much as other children for affection, but you would never tell of it, and hardly understand it yourselves.

Providence has granted you very little of this world's greatest blessing—the affection of home. Your father, if you ever knew him, probably beat you when he was drunk, and worked you like a beast of burden when he was sober. Your mother, very likely, half-starved you and whipped

you, and finally, in her intoxication, drove you out of house and home. Your faces are worn and your bodies* scarred often, with the abuse of those who ought to have loved you.

You miss a friend; somebody to care for you. It is true you are becoming rapidly toughened to friendlessness; still you would be very, very glad, if you could have one true and warm friend. The boys fail so often, even when they pretend to be good friends; they cheat you, they are false to you, they only make use of you. You want some one you could be sure of.

Then how much you need some one who could guide you. Often you are confused, and do not know what to do or whither to go. The older lads offer you temptations

* One boy present showed the top of his head quite bald, from some boiling water, which his mother, when drunk, had poured on him!

and tell you that certain things will do you no harm, and you would so like to be able to get the advice of some older and wiser friend.

You might, to be sure, go to Mr. O'CONNOR, or to me, or to Mr. BOOTH, but you do not know us well enough, and you are ashamed to go. You imagine to yourself how pleasant it would be if you could have an older and kind friend to whom you could run, and of whom you could always ask advice.

But you must have some one who is patient. Every one of us might, sometimes, be impatient and cross with you. You would like some one who understood all your weaknesses and faults, and yet could be gentle with them.

Then you would prefer some one, on whom you could entirely depend always. Any one of us might err in judgment in recommend-

ing any thing to you ; we might make many mistakes ; we are full of faults ourselves. So with any friends you might find. Besides, the warmest friends you could have on earth, must die. The day will come when you must look at the pale face, and touch the cold hand, and speak to the deaf ear, and listen for the voice which will not come, of your dearest and nearest friend. You will stand, perhaps, by the coffin of your mother or your sister or your teacher, and hear the clods fall with hollow sound on it, and know that not till the dead arise, shall you look upon them again. Your friends must leave you, or you leave them.

Moreover, by and by, you are to come to the hour when no friend on earth can go with you. If it be your mother, and she holds you with the tightest grasp ; if your dear, dear sister, and you lie in her arms and she catch your last breath ; if you were older,

and it were your wife, and she clung to your breast, willing to die instead of you, still you would die alone—*all alone*.

Your soul will go forth into Eternity, solitary, without friend or companion. How glad will you be to have a friend, then, in that lonely hour, to go with you hand in hand through the shadowy valley!

And where is the friend whom you want? One, patient and gentle and very wise, very powerful, who will be with you always, and never fail. One that would not mind whether you slept in a box in Water Street, or on a handsome bed in Fifth Avenue; who would love you the same when you were unlucky and poor and without other friends: who could go with you in the lonely night-hours, who would follow you to the Hospital or the Alms House, who would never be harsh with you, whose word would be wisdom itself, who could never advise

wrongly, who was stronger than all others, who would live always, and, when you entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death, would still be with you. Who is this friend? Where can we find such a dear blessed friend?

The verse tells us. Christ says, "Ye are *my friends* if ye keep my commandments!" Think of it, you and I can be *the friends* of this glorious Son of God. Yes; Jesus can be a friend of each lad here, as he never had a friend before. He can be with him at play and at work, in the day and in the night, in sickness and health, in loneliness and with company, when he is poor and homeless, and when he is well-off. He can advise him in difficulty; He can rescue him from temptation; He can console him when he is low-hearted; He can clean him from sin. This Friend will never be cross to you; He will never turn the cold shoulder; He

will not leave you in unluck; He can not be cold to you; He always loves you, if you do right, and He pities you if you do wrong. He goes with you through life, and when you die, He stands ready to receive your departing soul, and to lead you, redeemed through Him, to Heaven.

But how are you to secure this Friend? He tells you, simply by "keeping His commandments." By trusting in Him; by trying all you can to please Him; by keeping your heart pure for Him to live in it; by governing your temper, because He does not approve of anger; by loving all others, and Him most. His great commandment is, to love the Lord your God with all your heart and mind and strength, and your neighbor as yourself. Try to keep this, believe in Him, and that your sins are forgiven through Him, and you shall have this Friend, the best of all friends.

X.

PROFANE SWEARING.

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL; NEITHER BY HEAVEN, FOR IT IS GOD'S THRONE; NOR BY THE EARTH, FOR IT IS HIS FOOTSTOOL; NEITHER BY JERUSALEM, FOR IT IS THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING. NEITHER SHALT THOU SWEAR BY THY HEAD, BECAUSE THOU CANST NOT MAKE ONE HAIR WHITE OR BLACK."—
Matt. v. 34, 35, 36.

I AM about to speak to you on a bad habit, which some of you have fallen into, and which will be very hard to break from—I mean swearing. What is swearing? It is a light, flippant, mocking use of the most awful and the dearest names we know. Suppose one of you boys had a mother, who had worked hard all his life for him, in order to give him an education; she had risen early

and gone to bed late, fared poorly and toiled faithfully for him. In his sickness she had watched by his bed-side, hour after hour, handing him his medicine just when it was most needed, and never impatient or cross with him. No one ever loved him as she did. One day this boy goes forth, and just to make a little fun, or because other boys do, he uses his mother's name with some bad word, or some foolish word, and makes a jest or a mockery of his mother. That is swearing by his mother's name! What a brute you would think him! Why, even the most foul-mouthed and profane lads would turn him out of their company.

Or again; suppose you had happened to be in Santiago, Chili, during that fearful burning of the Cathedral. You were outside, and you saw through the window the flames catch, from ornament to ornament, until the upper part of the church is a dome of fire,

continually raining down fiery flakes on a great multitude of shrieking women below; they rush and push and tear to get at the door; these are all shut but one, and over that a wall of fire is laid. You see them climbing and pulling to get over one another. You hear their terrible shrieks, until at length you see the fire reach them—a moment they are figures of flame, and then they become ashes, and in a short time all is still. Imagine yourself now going out, and meeting an old friend, and saying to him, “May you be burned up in the Santiago Cathedral;” or, suppose yourself in a fit of anger against some one, and deliberately wishing that he “might be burnt in the Santiago Cathedral!” That would be cursing; and what a very cruel or very foolish thing you would think such talk to be!

Some boys swear merely because they hear older boys, and they think it a manly thing.

Others swear because they are angry, and they hardly know what they are saying; others, because their heart and mouth both are full of nastiness and wickedness; others, because they learned it before they thought what it meant, and they can not break the habit.

Now, Christ tells us, in the passage from which the text is taken, to swear not at all; not by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the Earth, for it is His footstool; nor by the hair of our head, for we can not make one hair black or white.

Here we are, boys, perfectly helpless, out on this vast ocean of life, entirely in the hands of the INFINITE GOD. Shall we make mockery of Him, or be flippant or foolish about Him who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand, who created all the worlds, who has lived always and ever will live, and who, in a moment, can call us to the judg-

ment bar? We are the mere insects in the sunlight of His goodness; He can crush us as you crush a fly; we began yesterday and shall die to-morrow, while He was never born and shall never end. We who are weak and poor and feeble, we who can not make a hair white or black, shall we make fun of the awful name of God?

Think what it will be when you come into the presence of the ALMIGHTY at death—of Him who filleth Eternity, who is all-wise and all-good, so grand and awful, and so kind—how should you feel if you had been constantly making fun of His tremendous name?

I have pictured a boy taking his mother's name in vain, but think how much more unfeeling it is to be mocking the name of the kind and loving Jesus. He lived for you. He bore your burdens and took your pains; though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor; for you He was persecuted

and driven about from place to place; for you He bore the agony in the garden, and the death on the cross. All the best things you enjoy in the world are from Him, and your hopes of Heaven are founded on Him; and yet you could go forth among your comrades and make sport of His dear name, or even use it in lightness. How ashamed you will be of this some day!

But what shall I say of boys who can deliberately wish that the soul of a comrade may be damned? Of course, they do not know what they are talking of, for if they did, they would be worse than that person I imagined, wishing his companion might be burned up in the Santiago Cathedral. They would be monsters. But even to utter such a thing, without meaning it, is a folly. None of us know, certainly, what being "damned" is. We only know it is something fearful and awful; absence from God; darkness;

pain and wrath and evil passions; the death from life and light and goodness. Will you go about talking lightly of such a terrible thing as that? Will you *wish* such a horror to any human being? Will you send a fellow-creature to Hell, as glibly as you would tell him to go down stairs?

Of course, such swearing is heedless, thoughtless; it is bad language, which now has no meaning to the person who utters it. But how foolish it is! What a miserable habit it is! A manly and good-hearted lad ought to be glad to drop it at once. If you keep it up, it is apt to bring in bad thoughts as well as words; it leads you into evil company; it is the companion of nasty words; it is foolish, irreverent, and displeasing to Christ. A boy's mouth ought to be as pure when he is at play as when he is at prayer. No word should cross your lips any where, which you would not like your mother and the matron,

Mrs. O'Connor, to hear. No matter what the other boys say, or how much they laugh at you, because you are so nice, use no foul or nasty word. Be pure in speech. Remember that Christ hears every word. What will He say to you at the Day of Judgment, if you should die a profane boy, or a foul-mouthed boy?

We see that you can govern your language, because, in all your rough sport here, we seldom hear a profane or bad word. But why not be equally guarded elsewhere? Remember, the most manly and brave boys are often those who are never profane or foul in language. Then, I repeat in Christ's words, "Swear not at all: neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black."

XI.

SAVING AND GAMBLING.

I UNDERSTAND very well the immense temptation which money is to each one of you boys. You know the value of gold as well as any merchant in Wall Street. A gentleman's son, who has his regular spending-money for luxuries, and who is always sure of his bed and his dinner, knows very little what money is to one of you. If he spends or loses a shilling, more or less, it makes very little difference to him. But with you, a shilling often determines whether you are to have a dinner or to go hungry; whether you are to sleep

in a box, or on a bed. You start out in the morning as little merchants, with your two or three shillings capital, with which you must either make money or become a bankrupt. But bankruptcy with you does not mean, as it does with some older people, living as comfortably as before; no, it means sleeping hungry on some bare floor, or begging a lodging at the Lodging-House, or finally being sent as a vagrant to the "Tombs."

If you are successful, and make four or five shillings, you have enough for your meals and lodging in this Lodging-House, and can put into your locker even a larger capital for the next day. But you know what every penny costs you. * You understand how much running or shouting with your papers, or how much busy sweeping of sidewalks, or how many polishings of boots, must be gone through with, before a dollar is earned. You

can tell what snow and rains and sleet you have borne, to make each shilling. Money is everything to you. With money you can have warm clothes, in place of those ragged coats and trowsers; you can call for your "coffee and cakes," instead of standing with hungry eyes at the doors of eating-houses. Then, as you earn more, you know that you can set up as "speculators," and buy papers for smaller boys to sell for you, and by and by, have a "stand," instead of running around. Or you can get a place in some good trade, which does not pay well at first, but will later. It is no wonder that you value money, and that you want to earn it. But some of you seem to think there is a short cut to making it, and it is on that matter particularly that I wish to speak this evening.

Some of you imagine that if, in place of drudging away, day after day, earning a few

shillings, you go down to a lottery-office and buy a "policy ticket," you can at once make your fortune. Probably, in some very distant year of the past, out of tens of thousands of those who have bought policy-tickets, some one boy did make something, and the memory, or tradition of that still stirs up the boys with the hope of being as lucky. But, boys, did you ever know any lad who had made anything at lottery; did you ever hear of one? Have you not heard of thousands who spent their money in it, and never got back a cent? It is a perfect waste of your hard-earned pennies. You might as well throw them into the Hudson River. Every honorable news-boy ought to be ashamed to earn his money in that way, even if he could make any thing. But he never can earn any thing. It is nothing but loss.

But there is still another supposed short

ut to making money which is even worse, and that is by *gambling*. You take your pennies down to those cellars in N—— Street, and suppose, by cards or dice, that you can save labor, and double or treble them easily. There could not be a greater mistake. You never make anything. You always lose in the long run; and what is worst of all, you lose your character. Do you know what those N—— Street gambling saloons are the beginning of? You hope they are the way to Fifth Avenue; but they are in fact the ferry to Blackwell's Island. Did you ever see that little picture-gallery up in the Central Police Station in Broome Street? There are a great variety of portraits there—many of lads no larger than you; some with old sharp faces on young shoulders, some impudent, some sheepish-looking, some with murderous looks. Whom do you think these interesting pictures of faces represent? They are the

daguerreotypes of thieves and pickpockets and burglars and murderers. Suppose you ask the Police-captain where they began their career. He will point to such a one, "Oh, I know him very well. He was first a poor little street-boy down in the First Ward; then he blackened boots for a living; then he thought he would make money in the gambling-saloons in N—— Street; then he became a pickpocket, and now he is in Sing-Sing for burglary!" "That one there, that surly-looking fellow—he was hung at the Tombs for murder. He began as a petty gambler, and then became a thief, and so on. That one—that boy, he is a petty thief on Blackwell's Island now—began in N—— Street gambling cellars." And so you will find of almost every one; the gambling saloon was the primary school of their education in iniquity. Gambling is fatal for you, boys! When you have a habit of venturing your money in that, you

may know that you are near ruin. The company you meet in such haunts is the very worst in the city. All the idlers and thieves and flash-men of the lower wards congregate in these places. As very few gamblers ever win much money, they are constantly trying to make up their losses by dishonest means. They cheat even their comrades; they pilfer, they steal, they commit burglary, they rob on the high-way.

These are the different grades of crime which gambling introduces you to. I do most earnestly warn you to keep away from the places where gambling is carried on! Do not even visit them! They are the gates of ruin to any honest lad. You can not make your fortune in that way! Do not deceive yourself! No one ever earned any thing, which lasted by such means. You can only make money by holding fast to your own business, by strict honesty, and by hard

work. If you are selling papers, run fast and be quick, do honestly by every one who deals with you, work early and late, and you will soon begin to save money. Then, as you save, don't spend your pennies for liquor or theatres, but put them into our "Bank," and, after a while, into the Sixpenny Bank. Did you ever think what these savings will amount to after a few years? Suppose one of you manages to scrape together and save a dollar each week, this year (and many of you will do better than that.) This will amount, without reckoning the interest, to \$52 at the end of the year: in five years, if you merely let it accumulate in the Sixpenny Bank, without adding to it, it will be over \$70, and how much larger a sum, if you added to it every year. By the time you were of age, you would have quite a little capital to start business with. That is the way many men acquire wealth—by constant saving and hard work. At any

rate, whether you are rich or not, you make an honest living, and you have no reason to be ashamed of your business, and no fear of the law. There is no short cut to wealth for the majority of boys or men. Steady work, saving money, and honesty, are the best paths to riches, or at least to a livelihood. Leave lotteries and gambling to rogues, and resolve that you news boys, and boys of this Lodging-House, will never make a penny except by honest means, even if you should be poor all your days.

Some of the best men in this City, and through the country, have made their way up from being poor boys, by economy and industry. Do you remember that night when the lamented Gen. MITCHELL was here, and described his working as a wagoner's boy in the West, and starting in life with only a few shillings in his pocket. Afterwards, he became a distinguished man of science, and a

General in the armies of his country, and died, too early, in her service. Mr. CYRUS FIELD, one of the Trustees of this Institution, you remember, that same evening, spoke of his early struggles with poverty. Another evening, Mr. BLISS, a gentleman who has given himself up to do good to heathen nations, told us how he used to saw wood, in order to get money for his education, and how he cut his own way by hard work. Your beloved and honored President, whose life is consecrated to the good of others, Mr. W. A. BOOTH, has related to you his early struggles. You know that even the President of the United States was once a rail-splitter and Mississippi boat-man. The richest man ever in New York, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, began a poor lad, and made his wealth by saving money, by steady work, and by very able business faculties. All these men advanced by slow, steady steps. You can do the same. You may not

reach as high, for you may not have as much talent ; but you can, at least, win a respectable position for yourself. But you must not expect to do it by any cross-cuts ; least of all by gambling or lottery

XII.

THE EFFECT OF LITTLE THINGS ON THE CHARACTER.

You sing a song sometimes, about—

“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.”

I am going to try to show you to-night how much little things—little habits—may do for every child.

Did you ever see a steam-ship building? Yes; you have been, no doubt, in the great iron-works and ship-yards on East River. You have seen them putting on the tough

and thick knees on the bottom; you have watched them nailing the plank and the sheathing; you have noticed the strong timber massed in the bows, until sometimes you have seen it fifteen feet thick of solid wood-work; you have heard them hammer and thunder as the long spikes went in, to strengthen and fasten the thick sides, and as they spiked and nailed the sheathing for the boilers. You have beheld the heavy masts and the thick braces and the mighty cables, and how carefully and solid every thing is made. How thoroughly every nail is driven! What tough timber, even in the very bottom of the vessel, where no one can see it! What strong spikes and good iron and solid work! Now imagine yourself going into the yard, and saying to the Superintendent that you knew a great deal better than that about ship-building. "You would not spend so much money and labor!" You would first put in

thin, cheap planking, enough to keep out the water and any wood you could get easily for the heavy timber, and cheap old iron for the boilers, and do the whole work without taking so much pains in all the small matters, and the ship would do well enough.

Suppose the Superintendent such a fool as to listen to your opinion, and really building a ship in such a careless cheap way, neglecting all the details and all the small matters of the work. Can you imagine a steamship built in this way, sailing grandly out of the harbor, appearing very well in smooth water, but as she gets near the Narrows, the heavy ocean-swells meet her; she trembles as the first big waves strike her; the breeze freshens as she leaves the land, the waves thunder on her weak bow and thin sides, the water forces itself in, poor seams open, small and bad nails become loose, rotten cables give way, because little threads were weak, yards

break, because small pieces of wood were not strong; the boiler becomes useless, because there are small flaws and defects in the iron. The storm-waves come heavier and heavier, the poor work parts, she falls to pieces and goes down a wreck.

Boys, you are all building a ship for a long voyage; you are laying in timber, driving nails, spiking beams, stretching cordage and building your machinery—and all by very slight and gradual stages. You know what I mean. Every time you tell a lie, you are putting a little rotten planking in your hull; the habit grows stronger; having lied once for a small thing, you are more ready to lie for a larger; you lose the way of truth. People begin to find that you can not be depended on; you lose one place after another through your deceitfulness. At length you tell a lie which exposes you to the law; you forge a name, are caught, and go to State Prison,

merely as an effect of that first little lie. The small bit of bad wood in your ship's bottom has wrecked it. Another boy is going along the street, and passing a stall, he sees some nice apples. No one is watching him, and he slips his hand sily into the heap and drops one into his pocket. He goes off, chuckling within himself as he thinks that no person has seen him, and he has got an apple. But boys, he has put in the rotten timber into his ship. The habit increases. The next time it is some larger thing he steals; a piece of goods from a shop; then some money from a counter. He becomes an errand-boy in a shop; one day he steals from the money-drawer, and still no one discovers his thefts. At length he joins some other boys in breaking into a warehouse, like those you heard of last week, who were not more than twelve years old. This time he is caught; he is brought before the judge at the

Tombs and goes to prison as a petty thief, his character ruined in the very beginning of his life; and because of that one little theft of the apple.

Another—perhaps a generous warm-hearted fellow—likes occasionally a glass of liquor though he knows he cannot bear it. Each time he takes it, it carries him away more and more; he can not resist its influence; he loses his senses under it; he spends all his money, and pawns his clothing at last to purchase it; and finally, after years, he dies a drunkard in *delirium tremens*.

One of the most generous and promising of the young men whom I knew, used, in college, to take occasionally his glass too much. His friends talked with him, and he would promise to do better; but again, at the first temptation, he was drinking hard. They warned him, but he always said that a gentleman like him could break it off

when he was older. He did not, however. The habit grew stronger and stronger, he went to California, and at last, with all his education and fortune, he died a drunkard.

Yes, boys, all these have built their ships badly in the very outset, and when the storms of life came, they were wrecked. Boys never will believe what their elders tell them of the immense importance of small habits. You can not make it real, to your mind, that your little words every hour, your small acts, your thoughts and your habits, are the material out of which your great ship is to be built. It does not seem possible that one lie now should cause your wreck, by and by, when the storms of life are on you. For the storms are surely coming to you all. They have already broken around some of you. They will sweep you to and fro. There are currents of vice and fierce winds of passion, and waves of trouble for every one of you. You

can not escape them. Your timber will be stormed at every seam. Whatever is defective, whatever flaws or rotten places of deceit and falsehood and vicious indulgence you have in your ship, will be tried by the tempests, and you may go down before you have hardly begun your voyage. Every word you speak, every oath or foul word, every blow you strike in anger, every petty pilfering, every lie, every act of meanness and selfishness, every time you cheat a customer by selling him an old paper for a new, or giving him a few cents of wrong change, every time you forget to pray, every wicked thought, is immensely important to you, because your CHARACTER is made up by small things. To God, nothing of this kind is small. For every idle word, we must give up our account.

And this is not all. If you were merely sailing to Europe or China, it would be quite

another matter. Or even if your voyage were only for twenty or fifty years, the building and preparation of your vessel, though important, would still be as nothing compared with what it is now! But the ship I speak of—your *soul*—is on its everlasting voyage. It is to sail on, when all the worlds have grown old and are crumbling away. Whatever you put into it, whatever you build it of, is to last through Eternity. It is a tremendous thought that you are on such a voyage. Every bad thought and wicked action, is to enter into your character and last forever. If you are a boy of dishonest character, or selfish, mean, given to lying, cruel, envious and bad tempered, you will probably be a man of the same kind. Those ferocious men lately, who murdered the prisoners in Fort Pillow, were, no doubt, first cruel boys, tormenting birds and animals; then cruel men, beating and torturing the helpless slaves; and

now, they are the murderers of prisoners. Then if you are a man, false and cruel and selfish, when you die, you will probably continue to be so in the other world. The character you have formed here will go on forever, so far as we know. So you see, boys, how immensely important small things are. A whole island, or mountain, is built up of little coral insects, so fine you could hardly see them. Some of the highest mountains are made up of shells of little creatures, so small that the naked eye can not distinguish them. So with you, the soul is formed, and its eternity may hang on small actions and little thoughts. Let us all then be careful of our words, our thoughts and our deeds, and remember that no sin is small in the eyes of God, or in its influence on Eternity.

XIII.

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE.

(The Sunday before Good Friday.)

"GOD COMMENDETH HIS LOVE TO US, IN THAT WHILE
WE WERE YET SINNERS, CHRIST DIED FOR US."—
Rom. v: 8.

CHRIST *died for us*. There is much in this truth which you can not understand, and which none of us can understand fully. Suppose you had been a negro slave on a plantation, working hard every day in the sun, beaten by a cruel master, your brothers and sisters sold off away from you, and at last your father and mother separated from you never to see you any more; never earn-

ing any thing for yourself; without friends and without any hope in this world. One day, as you are wearily hoeing in the furrow, your tears and sweat dropping on the ground, your back bloody with the overseer's lash, you feel that you can not get through another row, and are just ready to drop to the earth, though you know that you shall only be the more scourged, when a stranger, of a wonderful dignity and meekness of manner, though he is dressed like a slave, approaches, takes your work and does your task. All the long weary day, he works for you.

On the next day, for some little offence, you are called before the overseer to receive a lashing, when again this noble-looking stranger steps forward and offers his back for yours. So, for many days, he endures toil and poverty and blows to lighten Slavery for you. You discover, after awhile, that he is not a negro like you, but comes of another

race and is rich, and that he has purposely put himself into slavery, and borne its pangs and its heavy burden and stripped himself of his honors and disguised himself like you, all from compassion and from his feeling of the evils of such bondage. No fault ever appears in him—he is the kindest and noblest man you ever saw; you know that if he chose, he could have immense wealth in another country and escape this hard service, and yet for your sake, though rich, he has become poor. Though a free man, he has taken on him the form of a slave. He has borne your scourgings, and taken on himself your burdens, solely because he loves the poor forgotten slave and hates slavery; and he does this not only for you, but for all the slaves of the plantation.

By and by, the master hears of all this, and the noble stranger appears before him and pleads for the poor negroes, and calls upon

him to deliver them. Even the master's heart is moved, and he wonders what there can be in slavery so terrible which has brought this wonderful man to become a servant to abolish it; and gradually he becomes ready to free all his slaves. But his wicked neighbors hear of it and they rage against this Reformer, and this preacher of a false doctrine. They attack the planter's house and are ready to kill him, and to carry off his slaves to be sold to worse bondage, when the stranger comes forward and offers his own life, provided they will let you and your companions go free. They accept it, and the cruel slaveholders arrest your beloved friend, they mock him and make fun of him, some beat him and spit on him, but he never replies with a word of anger. He only sees the poor black slaves who are now going to be free, and he pities the masters whom slavery has made so wicked. You see him,

the best and highest person you ever knew, led up to the gallows. By the side of him, two slaves are to be hung who are common thieves. Still the cruel slaveholders insult him. He never wavers or is provoked. In his last moments he feels for the despised slave; and as you are led away to liberty and happiness, you see your liberator and your great friend and benefactor swinging, amid the curses of the crowd, from the shameful gallows. You are taken to another country, and you, and hundreds like you, grow up in freedom and enjoying every blessing, because this noble man was willing to die for you.

What would be your feelings always after that, toward him who had freed you? How would you remember his slightest wish! How would you try always to do what you thought would please him! How, especially, would you feel toward slavery? What a

cursed, what a horrible thing would slavery for ever seem to you, that such a man would die to remove it. Even if you forgot your own sufferings, no possible temptation could ever make you forget his sufferings and his death for you. You, of course, could never keep slaves. It might be, if you knew of other slaves that, in your gratitude to your deliverer, you would go forth and imitate him and try to bear their burdens, and even, perhaps, die for their deliverance. Then how would the masters feel! How many would hear of this mournful death on the gallows, and would say what a guilty thing must Slavery be, that such a man—a white man, and one with large estates, and so good and wise—should be willing to die to break it! How many would free their slaves, and follow the words of this Being, who had died for strangers—and they, negroes and slaves.

Now I do not say that the death of Christ

for you, is exactly like the death of this man who died for the slaves. But what I want is, to make you feel how much you owe to the Saviour. God commended His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. By Christ's life and death, you know that all your sins may be forgiven and you be reconciled to God, and finally reach Heaven. You owe every thing to Christ; all you have here and all you hope for. He is your liberator from slavery—your Redeemer from-Sin.

Now you well know what wrong-doing is. Just look back a few years—or take this very week, and think how many wrong and wicked acts you have committed, how many lies you have told, how often you have become angry, how you have cheated, how you have struck your companions in passion, how many oaths you have used, how you have stolen (some of you), how mean or selfish

you have been to your father or mother, or little brothers and sisters. Then more than this, what bad thoughts and feelings you have had! How have you treated other boys, and what secret acts have you committed which you would not, for worlds, have had any human eye behold! I need not tell you all this. Your consciences whisper it now—and sometimes, when you awake at night, you remember your sins, and think how wicked and base and 'wrong you have been, and you wonder how God could forgive you. Then, perhaps, a picture of the Day of Judgment comes before your mind, and you imagine yourself on trial before a very different Court from the "Tombs Court," for all your sins and offences. You are almost ready to despair. Perhaps some of you have tried again and again to do right. At the end of the day, according to Dr. Franklin's practice, you have counted up your good acts

on one column, and your faults and your sins on another; and the one side hardly covered a line in your mind's picture, while the other was so long you could scarcely measure it. And the more you thought of yourself and tried to balance the two sides, the longer the bad column became. You have a quick temper, and though yesterday evening you thought about it and resolved to work against it, yet as soon as you were fairly out among the boys, a single word set you all in a blaze, and your word and fist flashed out just as they used to. One of you had fallen into the habit of swearing; you knew it was wrong and foolish, and you had often said to yourself, at night, that you would not indulge in it again; but soon after, you are among some profane lads, when out comes the old oath, and in your shame you are ready to say, "Well, I may as well give up; I never can get out of my sins!" It sometimes seems to

you, as if you could do nothing for yourself; as if you had better despair, and just rush on in wickedness. "God never meant me for a good boy!" you say.

Now, boys, it is for just such as you that Christ died. "God commended His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!" Do you remember all about that? This glorious being, the SON OF GOD, came down upon earth and became as we are. Though rich, for our sakes He became poor. He bore our burdens for us. He was poor and homeless; driven about from town to town; despised by all the rich people; persecuted and finally arrested; and at length, hung on the gallows of old time, only that we might get rid of just this sin and be forgiven, and become the children of God again. Do you remember about that death? Next Friday, people will recall it in their churches. You have sometimes seen pictures

of it. That Saviour of ours, that good and kind Being, the best ever on the earth, the beloved Son of God and the image of God, was led out, and under all kinds of insults, He was nailed to the cross (as you have heard in the lesson to-day) between two thieves. The cross, you know, is a short post not much higher than a man, with a cross bar. There is a narrow shelf on one part, on which the body partly rests. On this disgraceful and terrible instrument Jesus Christ was laid, and the nails driven into His hands and into His feet; and then, very probably, it was dropped into the hole dug for it, in order to wrench the poor sufferer the more. There he hung (as you see a murderer hang on the gallows in the Tombs court-yard) between the robbers, feverish and hot with thirst and fever, to die of inflammation. To insult Him the more, they twine about his forehead a crown of sharp thorns, and the sacred blood

flows down over that noble head. Some one offers him a soothing opiate draught, but He will not take it, for He would have His mind clear in the great sacrifice. Sharp pangs pass through Him from the nailed feet and the pierced head; death is stealing on Him in slow agony, but the sharpest pang and the keenest agony is the thought of the great mass of human sin and guilt, of which this death of the Innocent is the most fearful sign. Yes, boys, we may say that even then, amid the jeers of the crowd, and in all the tortures of crucifixion, the sharpest pain of the pure Jesus, was the thought of your sin and my sin, and the sin of all the world. Not a word of anger escapes Him. Though He could have destroyed His murderers with a word, all that He says is, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" At length He died.

And He dies for you! All this terrible

pain is for you, to deliver you from sin and death, to reconcile you to God. You would never have hoped you could be forgiven, but for this sacrifice of Christ. Whenever you are tempted to sin, or when you have done wrong, you are not to count over your virtues and vices. You are to look up to this Lamb of God. You are to think of that bloody death on the cross for you. You must picture the thorn-crowned head, and the feet and hands pierced with nails, and the face, sweeter and nobler than all earthly faces, looking at you, and hear the words, "Believe in me and your sins shall be forgiven!" It will keep you from sin, when you think of such a noble and good being dying thus, to free you from it. You will be so filled with love to Him, that it will be easy for you to govern your temper, and to keep from swearing or lying or fighting.

And when you are discouraged you will

not think of yourself, but you will look up to the Redeemer on the Cross and say, "I am not forgiven, thank God, from anything I can do or say, but because Jesus loves me and because He has died for me. In Christ I see God, loving and forgiving!"

XIV.

HEAVEN.

THE Bible describes Heaven in a number of different ways. Sometimes it is, as it were, a great Light—a glory like that of the sun, only far greater; then it is a picture of Rest; then, again, we hear of all tears wiped away, and of no pain there; next it is described as a Victory and a Redemption; and finally, as a place of Holiness.

Now, boys, what the good Book means to teach us is, that the most delightful and best feelings we can ever have here, are the nearest likeness to what we shall have in Heaven.

I remember hearing some years ago—I do not know that it was true—that a child was born, and lived some years in the sewers of Paris. You know that under that city you can go hundreds of miles through the sewers, and some men are constantly about in them, picking up what is floated down from the streets above. Sometimes they even find jewelry or watches, and other things of value. Well, this child was born and grew up under ground. All that she ever saw of the world, were the dark dirty waters flowing in the sewers, and the rats and vermin that scampered through them. Sometimes her father would show her a piece of a garment, or a broken dish, or a silver article of value, and from these she would try to imagine what the upper World might be.

All that she knew of light, were the few rays that came through the dirty grating, and

her father's lantern. She had never seen the sky, or the stars or the trees or the flowers. At last, one day, her father tells her that in a short time, he shall take her out to see the sun and the upper world. He describes the world above as a great Light—a glory. She can not understand him. She asks, "Is it like your lantern?" "Oh no," he says, "a thousand times greater; you will need no lantern then!" "Perhaps," she says, "it is like the beautiful rays that come through the grating." "Oh! it is far, far better," he answers. Then he tries to picture to her the trees and the flowers and the beautiful sky; but she can not imagine what they can be.

At length, one morning, he leads her through long miles of sewers, and brings her to the opening of the main drain, and she stands, for the first time, in the open air. She is dazzled—she can hardly see, at first. Such glory, such beauty, she had never before

imagined! There is the splendid blue sky, and the white clouds floating in it, and the trees and the birds and the fields and flowers; and above all, the magnificent sun filling all things with light and glory. She falls down in silent worship, and in such delight and fear, that she can hardly speak. "Oh, *the light* — the LIGHT!" she says, "this is Heaven!"

So to us, children, will be the opening of the next world. It will be as light was to this poor rag-picker's daughter. A glory will be revealed to us which will be like light. We shall need no sun, for the Lord God is the light of it. Every thing will be so new and glorious to us, that the Bible describes it as Light.

When Christ speaks of a world where the "weary are at rest," I suppose you boys can hardly appreciate how pleasant the picture is; you never want to rest. But

suppose you had been on one of the long overland journeys lately, walking to Pike's Peak with a company of miners. Day after day you had trudged along, growing more and more tired, your provisions giving out, your strength failing, and your feet sore. At last, you feel you can not drag on another day. Every bone and muscle are aching, and your companions may have to leave you. You are thoroughly wearied out, and are almost ready to give up, when suddenly one of those at the head of the party cries out, "A camp in sight!" You see a light twinkle in the distance; a new life fills your veins; you are able to hurry on; you meet kind and hospitable friends at the door; they take you in and lay you on a bed—the first you have seen for months—and you comprehend what the words mean, "the weary are at rest."

Heaven is a Rest. By and by, when the

cares of life sit heavy upon you, and every day tires you, and your strength fails, and you feel you are not strong enough for a stormy and bustling world, you will understand what pleasure and hope the Bible holds out by the word, *Rest*. "There remaineth a *rest* for the people of God."

In another place the Bible says, "The Lord God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces." "There shall be no sorrow there."

You know too well what tears are. Your faces have been wet with them very often. You have seen your mother too poor to earn bread for the little ones, and you have cried because hunger stared you all in the face. You have beheld your father daily losing his character and kindness, beating his wife whom he once loved so well, and driving the children, whom he might have educated respectably, out to beggary and thieving, all through an insane love for liquor—and you

have wept bitter tears. You have, when you were younger, cried from cold and hunger and poverty; from the hard treatment you have received; at the sickness of your brothers and sisters, and your tears have dropped over your mother's coffin and by your father's grave. Sometimes the world has seemed too hard for you, and you have sat down in solitary places, and shed tears over your loneliness and your orphanage.

Light-hearted as you are now, you can understand how beautiful is the picture of that world, "where all tears are wiped away." No, boys, there will be no drunken fathers and mothers there; no poverty and cold and hunger and sickness. You will not be lonely there, or orphans. Sorrow and pain will not enter that world. We shall not look at graves there, which close upon faces and forms that are more to us than all the world beside. We will not hear there the rattle on the

coffin-lid of the clods, which bury our sisters or mothers or friends. Fever and sickness do not touch us in that place. Are not these pleasant pictures of the other world?

But we hear also of Heaven as a victory—as a “crown of life.” Can you imagine what a grand feeling one of the old racers in the ancient courses, might have had at last, at his triumph. He has been training for months; he has kept away from all luxuries and usual business; his friends have not seen him; every day he has painfully exercised himself. At length the day of trial comes; there are gathered men from all parts of his country, and from other countries; they make a great assembly all above and around him. If he conquers, his name will go down to other times in poetry and song. If he fails, he must return home disgraced. There they stand stripped for the race, he and his rivals. At the end of the course is the judge, with

the crown ready for the victor. They start ; the great audience watch intently every movement ; our racer stumbles and falls—there is a shout of contempt—he is up again—he approaches the others—the ground flies beneath them—he gradually passes them—every moment he gains ; at length a great shout, from ten thousand voices, announces that he has won, and the crown is given him by the judge.

Do you not think that feeling of exultation, of pleasure at the moment of triumph, would be something worth living for ? And yet that is only a picture—a poor emblem in the Bible, of what our pleasure, our joy will be when we, at last, enter Heaven ! Or suppose, to-morrow, we should hear that at last Gen. GRANT had conquered Gen. LEE and taken Richmond, and victory was ours, and war was all over, and henceforth this country was to be free, and united, and at peace !

Would not the feeling of joy, of triumph, of hope and exultation, be one of the highest we could ever have? And remember, the Bible pictures Heaven as a Victory!

But when we hear of Heaven as a "Redemption," what does it mean? Redemption, you know, is a buying back, perhaps from imprisonment. Suppose, like many of the news boys, you had gone out with the Army of the Potomac, and had been taken prisoner by the rebels in one of the battles, and you were thrown into Libby Prison. There you are, day after day, shut up behind prison bars, the place filthy and close and sickly, your food bad, insulted by your captors, growing weaker and more hopeless every day. Each morning you climb up to the grating and gaze at the blue sky, and the hills far away, and long so for liberty. You seem to gasp for breath. . There are no hopes for the future. You imagine yourself rotting

away there all your days. To be free again—*at liberty*—seems the most delightful thing ever imagined. One day, as you are sitting on the ground, despairing and moping, a noise is heard at the prison-doors, which scarcely causes you to stir, so helpless are you; but your name is called, and you hear “Redemption has come! You are ransomed! A price has been paid for your deliverance! You are redeemed and free!”

How would your heart jump! How would you spring to your feet! You eagerly ask. You learn that the rebel government have accepted a ransom for your deliverance. The prison-doors are unlocked. You walk forth into the free air, free once more! If you should live a hundred years on the earth, would you ever have a feeling so joyous, so delightful, so like Heaven, as those first moments of freedom. It is the joy of Redemption. So the Bible means we should

understand Heaven. It is like the joy of deliverance, but another kind of deliverance—the freedom which Christ has given us from Sin.

And this brings me to another picture of Heaven—perhaps the best of all. It is a *place of Holiness*. You know boys, as well as I can tell you, that there is no such pain or trouble as that of conscience. Have you not waked up sometimes in the night and thought of all the wicked things you had done, until you felt ready to hide yourself in the earth? You have remembered the prayer which your kind mother or Sabbath-School teacher taught you when you were a child, and you have said, “Oh I have not prayed, for I don’t know how many years!” And then you have thought of the lies you have told, and how you have got angry and struck one of your play-fellows, and of the oaths you have uttered, and of how mean and sel-

fish you have been ; and some of you will recall, with shame, criminal acts which you have committed. Is not the sense of guilt, of sin, the great evil of this world ? Some of you are never free from it. It makes you uneasy always, though you hardly know why. There is a vague looking forward to judgment—a sense that you are wrong, and that you are exposing yourself to punishment ; and that the great God of the universe is regarding you with displeasure.

Now fancy a place where no Sin ever enters ; imagine yourself so purified, through Christ, that no bad thoughts ever come into your mind. All your words are pure and good ; you are kind to everybody and love everyone ; you do not get angry ; you are always generous ; you are no longer selfish ; there is no pain of sin in your heart, and no dread of the Judgment-Day. The great Father of all creatures, you now know is your

friend. You have no more any fear of Him. Jesus holds out his hands, and looks upon you with the sweetest looks of love ever seen. Your conscience does not trouble you. All is calm and pure and joyful within you. All those around you love you, and you love them. You never quarrel, or hate or envy. No one injures or hates you.

Is not that *Heaven*? To be pure, to feel that all your sins are washed away, to know that Christ forgives and loves, to trust all things to Christ, to be *holy*—that would be Heaven alone, would it not, boys?

May God grant us all an entrance into His heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

XV.

EASTER.

ON this morning, boys, far over the sea, as well as here, the churches are gay with flowers; people meet each other with joyful looks; the chimes are rung on the church bells, and every one seems happy. In England, in France and Italy and Germany and Sweden, they are celebrating the day. In Russia, on the night which corresponds to last night in their reckoning, as soon as the midnight hour strikes, the churches all flame with light, and people turn to one another, and hug and kiss each other for joy.

And the next morning, all through the great Russian empire, even way off on the plains of Asia, wherever a Russian Christian meets another, he shakes his hand and kisses him, and speaks of something which has made him very happy. What words are those he uses? What happened to-day more than eighteen hundred years ago? Yes, each one says to the other what you are saying, "*Christ has arisen!*" All round the world, wherever the Catholics or Protestants or Greek Christians, or any who pretend to believe in Christ are, the words seem to pass from one land to another, bringing the chimes of bells, the song of choirs, the happy greeting and smiles over innumerable faces—the words "*Christ is arisen!*" Well, why is the Christian world so joyful? Why are we all so happy to-day? Suppose you had been one of the friends of Christ. You had, like Peter or John, left your business and followed about in His com-

pany; you had slept by his side; you had eaten and drunk with Him; day by day you had listened to His deep sweet voice, as He spoke of goodness and love; you had watched that noble face, over which such wonderful looks came, sometimes of unspeakable kindness and affection, sometimes of pain, sometimes of anger at wrong-doing to the weak. You had seen His miracles, His healing the sick, His comforting the sorrowful, His patience with those who misunderstood Him. You had heard that He was, in some way, to be King of this world. He himself had promised that His word should influence all nations.

You hardly knew what He was, whether man alone or the Son of God; but you saw that He was such a being as had never appeared before on the earth—the kindest, the truest, the most noble; never seeking selfish ends; not caring for money or power or office,

but living alone for God, for goodness, and to do good, and to make all men happy. You think that such a person ought to live a hundred years—that the world could not get along without Him.

You are only with Him three years, when He is arrested, tried before a wicked court, and condemned unjustly to the gallows of that time. As He goes up toward the cross, you follow in the crowd, and you are sure that, in any moment, He may scatter the soldiers by His miraculous power, and escape from death. He does not. He is brought to the cross. He is fastened on; the nails are driven into those dear hands and feet. He who never wronged a human being, who was too good for this earth, is reviled and spit upon, and mocked and tortured. He is held up, stretched on the dreadful cross. "Still," you say, "He will come down from that horrible place; just as He healed others,

He will heal Himself. God will deliver Him. Surely *He* cannot die!" But no; even He gives up the ghost. The world rocks; the sun grows dark, for the Light of all is gone out. The stiff and lifeless body is taken down. The face that was so full of an angel's expression—so sweet and grand, so kind and dignified, with the light of Heaven in its eyes—is all pale and stiff, and without life or light in it. The noble body, bloody and torn, is the body of a corpse. It is tenderly wrapped in burying clothes and placed in the tomb, and a great stone is rolled against it.

"And so," you think, "ends a great life!" Three short years of work, a few words spoken, a few deeds done, and it is shut up, like all other lives, in the grave. His life seems a failure. Surely, you say, He can never influence the nations, and do good to other times—so early dead! He promised

immortality to others, but He himself is mortal. He said that His word was Life, but He is dead. Like all the sons of men, He comes at last to the worms and the clods of the grave. He spoke of resurrection for others, but He is in the tomb. There can be no life eternal for us poor men and sinners if Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, the Saviour, dies and is seen no more. He thought He was the Son of God, and he said, All that the Father wills, do I will; and yet He is dead like any other weak mortal! There is for us who loved Him, nothing but tears and pain and despair! No light shines beyond the grave!

And so, like the heathen, you sorrow as having no hope, for you have forgotten His own words, foretelling the great thing that is to happen. The world is all dark to you, until, on the Sunday morning, you hear the strange story that the great Saviour is not

dead, that He has risen again! You hurry to the tomb, the stone is rolled away, you descend into its dark cavern, fearing to see the white stiff form of your beloved Master resting there. But no, it is empty! You hasten out; you meet the disciples. They tell you He has been seen, living and breathing, the grave-clothes cast off, the wound in hands and feet and side all healed. You follow the dear band of the friends of Christ. At length, as you sit at the table thinking of Him who was your life and your joy, He suddenly stands by and blesses your food, and eats with you. *He is alive again!* Death could not hold Him. The grave has opened. The old sweet light of love, deeper than man could measure, gleams from His eyes; the ancient purity as of one ever with God, is written on His features; a halo of Heaven is around His head. He seems too high for you to approach Him, and yet so

tender that little children would gladly nestle in His arms. *He lives again!* The grave is not all. Death will not conquer Him, or you, or any you love. He has opened the dark tomb, and shown you Heaven through it. The Lord is arisen; He is the Son of God: all that He promised must be true: you will meet Him again.

Therefore are you happy. And, therefore, is the whole Christian world happy now. Christ's rising from the grave shows you that. He is the Saviour, the Son of God, the Lord of Life; that His word shall live forever. It brings Immortality to light. Imagine that you had a mother—a most loving Christian woman, who has tenderly cared for you and watched over you. Suddenly, when you least expect it, she is taken sick, she grows more and more ill; at last she dies. The face you loved more than all earthly faces is cold and lifeless; those eyes which looked out with

such love on you, are shut for ever; the voice which was sweeter than any music you ever heard is still, and you will never, never more listen to it on earth. She can not speak to you; you can not speak to her. The dear body is put into a coffin; it is nailed up; it is dropped into the grave, and the dirt is thrown over it. She is gone.

Now, if Christ had not arisen, how would you feel?

You would have felt that your mother was dead—departed like last year's leaves, like the mist in the morning, like summer-clouds. Never, if you should live a million of years, could you expect to look upon, or hear or feel her again. She is buried up in that grave.

But now, *Christ has arisen*. Your mother shall arise; you shall stand up from the grave. Death is only a short separation—a kind of school-term, in which you are away from her. You shall meet her soon again, when you go

home. Christ promised it : He has conquered Death. We shall conquer it ; our friends shall. For us who believe in Christ and love Him, there is no dark grave, and gloomy tomb, and fearful death. Christ has thrown a light over them all. As He has come up from the worms and the shroud, so shall we. Our souls shall live, and if we love Him, be forever with Him. Therefore are we happy this Easter Sunday.



APPENDIX.

THE NEWS BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

(*The N. Y. Dispatch*, May 28, 1854.)

On Wednesday last, we visited the apartments recently fitted up in the Sun Buildings as lodging-rooms for news boys, and from what we saw and heard while there, we are well satisfied that the "Children's Aid Society," throughout their useful career, have, thus far, never hit upon a more beneficial or philanthropic idea than the founding of such an institution as the one in question.

Our news boys as a class, have been sadly neglected heretofore. In some instances they come of parents who are too poor to provide for them, and in others too depraved and heartless to care for them, even if able pecuniarily to support them, and they are consequently thrown upon their own resources often before they are old enough to distinguish between right and wrong. The fact of their taking to selling newspapers for a living, instead of to pilfering or vagabondizing, speaks well for their industry and their desire to do right; and this fact becomes more apparent when we consider the many temptations spread in their way, and the evil influences by which they are surrounded. Some of them have no home whatever, and know, if we may believe them, nothing of their parentage; while many of those who might lay claim to a "local habitation and a name," choose to discard both, and take the chances of a life on the pavement, answering to any

name which their companions may choose to put upon them. Nor is this to be wondered at. At home, it is more than likely they receive far more kicks than copers, while they meet with nothing, as an offset, in the way of comfort. They are obliged to give up the whole of their earnings; their food, when they get any, is of the worst description, and their bed is, in all probability, a hard floor, in the filthiest of filthy apartments, situated in the most undesirable of localities. The transition from such a home as this to the open street, we should say, must be rather agreeable than otherwise; for in choosing the latter, they escape at least the buffetings which they receive at home, while their earnings furnish the means of buying food, and they content themselves with a sleeping place wherever they can find room to bestow themselves, whether in an empty wagon, a coal box, an entry way, or a door porch.

Such being the case, it would be strange if these little fellows did not possess many marked characteristics, which they do, in a degree plainly apparent to the most careless observer. The constant buffetings which they receive while fighting the battle of life, render them pugnacious and somewhat irascible; their unchecked liberty makes them impatient of restraint; the dishonesty which they every day see practised, wakens within them suspicion of their neighbor, and a desire to "make the best bargain they can for themselves," and their constant peddling of papers improves their faculties of calculation to a degree which would hardly be looked to, as the result of such limited trade—hence they are shrewd, active, untameable, full of fight, and though not actually dishonest, yet not exactly proof against the temptation which offers "a chance of makin' somethin'."

After this description which, as a rule, may be looked upon as strictly true, but which is not, of course, without its exceptions, our readers will admit that any institution having for its object the bringing together of these boys for the double purpose of ministering to their physical wants, and surrounding them with good

influences, must be a commendable one. They (our readers) will also admit that the management of from thirty to fifty such boys is a task which no common man could successfully perform—an office which is anything but a sinecure—and we venture to say, that if the Society had searched the world over, they could not have found a man better suited to such a task than is Mr. C. C. TRACY, the Superintendent of the News-Boys' Lodging-House. It is not much to rule a large number of boys in any institution where they may be kept in subjection by strict discipline and the fear of punishment, but here the case is different. Here are a large number of boys who have been allowed, from their infancy up, to do pretty much as they please, and whose natures are, in consequence, the wildest imaginable; and they are to be kept in subjection solely by good management on the part of the Superintendent. There are no whips, or dungeons, or other coercive measures to scare them into a proper observance of the rules laid down; it must be accomplished by unremitting attention, close observation and study of character; "a quick eye to see," a sharp ear to hear, a will to determine, and an energy to accomplish. All these Mr. TRACY possesses in an eminent degree, and he rules the impetuous little tradesmen with whom he has to deal, as easily as though they were the most tractable of children—a fact of which we must confess we should have had our doubts, from a slight knowledge of news boy peculiarities, had we not paid the Lodging-House a visit. Mr. TRACY has not arrived at this result without some trouble, however, of which we shall speak further by and by.

About one thousand dollars has thus far been spent in fitting up the apartments, which are on the upper floor of the Sun-building, and consist of the lodging-room, a school-room, and an office for the Superintendent. The lodging-room is spacious, well ventilated, and at present contains beds for fifty boys, although a much larger number can be accommodated. The floors are well scrubbed, the walls white-washed, and every thing

betokens the most scrupulous cleanliness and neatness. Every bedstead is quadruple, and is fashioned something like the berths in a steamboat, with two beds below and two above. The beds are straw mattresses, and are quite soft and comfortable, while the bed-clothes looked to us as though they had just left the laundry. The school-room is fitted up with desks, supplied with seats, and long benches are ranged in front of them; a number of maps hang upon the walls, a pile of school-books lie upon a table ready for use, and a black board to facilitate the study of arithmetic and writing is conspicuous. A library, for the use of the boys, is attached to the Rooms, which already contains many volumes of instructive and interesting books, and additions are constantly being made to it by our liberal publishers; in fact, an unopened package of books from one of these establishments lay upon a bench when we were there. The boys have free access to the library, and it is creditable to them to say that, thus far, not a single volume has been missed. But what particularly attracted our observation, was a Savings-Bank which the managers have fixed up for the accommodation of the boys. This is a stout table containing separate box departments, numbered from 1 up to 110. The numbers are upon the surface of the table, and directly over each department, the money being dropped into an aperture accompanying each number. The bottom of the table is protected by sheet iron, and the top is too thick to be easily cut into. A number of boys have already become depositors of various amounts. No. 23, the proprietor of which is a shrewd Irish boy, contained a considerable sum in small coins. This boy (so the Superintendent informed us) is one of the most wide awake of the lodgers—he is new in the business of paper-selling, and yet he is seldom “stuck.” He manages to dispose of his papers in some way without resorting to the places most frequented by the rest of the boys, which circumstance puzzles them not a little, and they have endeavored, but all in vain, to find out

where he procures his customers. This Savings-Bank we look upon as a most valuable contrivance, and one which will materially aid such boys as wish to form habits of thrift. We should have mentioned before that there is a bath-room and water-closet attached to the establishment, both of which are kept in the most perfect order. The bath is freely used by the boys, who seem to delight in ablution, albeit rather a new thing to them. A new customer, occasionally, on coming out after a thorough washing, is scarcely recognizable, so completely does the removal of the dirt of months alter his appearance.

The number of lodgers nightly greatly varies, and depends in some degree upon circumstances. The greatest number upon any one night thus far has been 41, and they have had as few as 12; but, as a general thing, from 20 to 25 may be set down as regular in attendance. This number will, no doubt, be quadrupled when the rigor of winter weather drives the boys in from the streets. During the summer months they do not so much mind "camping out;" but when Jack Frost begins to pinch, they will be glad to find a shelter. At the most favorable season, however, after a boy has tasted the comforts of a night's undisturbed repose in a clean neat bed, the contrast is so great that he is more than satisfied with the change at the moderate charge of sixpence; and were it not for one of the rules (the hardest one of all for the boys to live up to), which requires the lodgers to be in by 10 o'clock at night, every bed would no doubt be occupied nightly. At 10 o'clock the Lodging-House, with its occupants, is locked up. Mr. TRACY'S office contains a window looking into it, from which he has a full view of those under his charge; and the couch upon which he sleeps is close to the partition, so that upon the slightest call at night he is up instantly to attend to their wants. Every boy, before "turning in," hands his money to the Superintendent to take care of, for they are suspicious of each other. Every boy's money is done up in an envelop, with the own-

er's name marked thereon, and he receives it in the morning before starting out to his day's work. To show how necessary it is for Mr. TRACY to be always on the alert to keep even with some of his slippery little customers, we may mention that upon one occasion a boy, with a most rueful visage, made application for lodging, stating that he had been badly "stuck" and had no money to pay, but would liquidate at some other time. Accordingly he was allowed to go to bed without paying; but the next night he had been "stuck" again, and this time another boy had been equally unfortunate. This set Mr. TRACY to thinking, and by dint of close listening, he discovered that the youngsters had sewed their money up in their under-clothes, and intended, when they had gone as far as they could without paying, to "slide on the shanty," as they termed it. Mr. TRACY did not let on to them that he had discovered the game they were playing, but took the earliest opportunity to get a number of the boys together (the delinquents among the rest), and then he quietly asked "the crowd" what they thought of a boy who was mean enough to sew his money up, and then tell a bare-faced lie for the sake of swindling his best friend out of sixpence? Of course they answered with one voice that "such a boy was a sucker," and that they were "down onto him." Nothing further was said at the time, but the next day the debtors squared accounts, and have not been "stuck" since.

Upon asking the Superintendent if the boys were not very troublesome after he had turned the key upon them for the night, he answered that on the contrary they were exceedingly quiet and well behaved, and with the exception of a little suppressed whispering, perhaps, in which they might indulge in speculations concerning the next day's sales, or something of that nature, they addressed themselves to sleep at once. Upon one occasion only was he bothered with them, and then under the following circumstances:—On the night of the occurrence, a rather well-dressed and exceedingly

sharp-looking boy, "forward, bold and capable," made application for lodging, and had registered upon the books the high-sounding name of George Washington Howard. He took on a good many airs, talked loudly, and somewhat affected the aristocratic. This "exclusive" bearing did not exactly suit his plebeian companions, who expressed their contempt for the interloper by many witty allusions and ludicrous remarks. No quarreling, however, is allowed in the establishment, and at 10 o'clock the whole party went to bed, exhibiting nothing but a pacific feeling. For some time after the door was locked, everything was perfectly still, and the Superintendent was about preparing himself to lay down, when he was startled by a most outrageous noise, 'as of flying missiles in the Lodging-House, followed by the voice of the "exclusive" boy, who lustily roared out for Mr. TRACY. The Superintendent at once rushed into the room, but all was instantly as still as death, every boy was sound asleep, and although it was evident that a number of boots and shoes had been thrown, "nobody" was the transgressor, and Mr. TRACY again repaired to his office, where he determined to watch for a while through the window. He had not been at his post long, when another shower of boots and shoes greeted the unfortunate object of the news boys' wrath, simultaneously, from every quarter of the room; and as it was impossible for the Superintendent to fix upon any one individual of whom to make an example, he was obliged to let them all escape. The next morning the boy left "bright and early," with the salutation of "boots" ringing in his ears from thirty voices.

It is doubtful if some of the boys who seek lodgings ever actually enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep upon a proper bed, from the time of their birth, till they enjoy it there; and the exclamations which occasionally fall from their lips as they pull the bed-clothes around them, and fairly groan with excess of comfort, are touchingly amusing. "Ain't this high?" "Yer'd better b'lieve it!" "Yer don't ketch me stayin' away

after ten another night!" "Shut up! don't yer tork so loud; d'yer want to disturb Mr. TRACY, say?" etc., etc.

Most of the boys, when they first make application for lodgings, choose to give the nickname by which they are known among their companions, instead of their real names. In a great many instances, Mr. TRACY succeeds, by stratagem, in getting the real name, and when he does so, he quietly enters it on the book and says nothing about it, till the boy himself discovers it, and is puzzled beyond measure to ascertain how it leaked out. The nicknames upon the book are of the most ludicrous description, and may be not unamusing. Here are a few of them:—"Round-hearts," "Soger-clothes," "Carrots," "Oysters," "Luny," "Mickety," "Wandering Jew," "Pompey," "Turkey," "Toothless," "Horace Greeley," "Squintum" (or "Gogle"), "Huckleberry," "Sniffey," "Butter-nose," "Fat Jack," "Lozenges," "Cady," "Jack Randle, as fat as a candle," "Slobber," "Bummer No. 1," "Shapy," "Blood-Sucker," "The Ghost," "Pickle-nose," "Chicken," "Country," "High Bridge," and many others. These applications generally take their rise from some incident, or circumstance, and are as readily answered to by their possessors, as though they had been given to them by "their sponsors in baptism." "Jack Randall, as fat as a candle," is a remarkably lean and attenuated boy, whose true name we do not just now remember, but it is very unlike Randall, which was hit upon, doubtless, to rhyme with candle—he is, moreover, one of the most shrewd, active, and intelligent of the lodgers; "Carrots" has red hair; "Round-hearts" is rather partial to a small molasses cake of that name; "Pickle-nose," has a somewhat elongated nose; "Horace Greeley" is said to resemble that gentleman, and so on to the end of the chapter.

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When the establishment was first thrown open for the reception of lodgers, a code of rules and regula-

tions for its government was adopted, which were explained to the boys individually as their names were entered; and they were given to understand that in no case would they be departed from, even in the slightest particular. Among these rules was one stipulating that no boy should be harbored while under the influence of liquor; another, that no fighting would be allowed in the rooms; and another, that no boy could gain admittance after 10 o'clock. This latter rule, as we have already said, was the most unpalatable of any, and led to the Superintendent's first trouble, in this wise. The boys, of course, had been in the habit of keeping just such hours as they pleased, and consequently found it very hard to yield to the restrictive influence of a system, and especially such a system; and accordingly, on the second night of the experiment, about half a dozen of them knocked at the door for admission at half past 10. The Superintendent, as in duty bound, refused to admit them. He told them that 10 o'clock was the hour, not half-past 10, nor five minutes past 10, but 10. To this they replied that he *might* let them in "jest that once, and they'd never be late again." His reply was, "Boys, nothing in the world would give me greater pleasure than to let you in, if I could do so and at the same time preserve the rule, but I can't, and I tell you now, as I told you at the commencement, that every rule of this establishment must be kept—let what will happen. You may rest as sure of that, as you are that the sun will rise to-morrow. So good night, boys, and I hope that you will find some other place as comfortable as this is to sleep in." Having spoken thus, the Superintendent went to his bed and left the youngsters standing outside. For a long time he heard them muttering curses "not loud, but deep," and presently one of them sung out, "Mr. Tracy, if you don't let us in, we'll break the door down." "Do so," was the quiet response, "if you wish to gain admittance that way, I shall not try to prevent you, but I warn you against it—I am prepared for any such movement." Another low muttering en-

sued—the boys were evidently holding a council of war—but they eventually left the premises without further trouble. The next morning one of the youngsters who had got in at the proper hour, and had refreshed himself with a good night's sleep, was standing at the window looking into Fulton Street, when he suddenly cried out, "Mr. Tracy, come here—come here quick—here's Roundhearts, a sleepin' in the 'Erald hand-cart." And so he was—the poor boy, unable to gain admittance into the only decent lodging-room he had ever known, was determined to be as near it as possible, and he had bestowed himself in an almost perpendicular position, in a hand-cart tilted up on end—his back resting against one of the sides and his feet braced against the other. "Roundhearts" was always in time after that, and so were the rest, except on two occasions, one when the *Tribune* issued the midnight extra after the Park Nebraska meeting, and the other when a new play was produced at the National Theatre, and the prices reduced to a shilling admittance.

The next rule which the Superintendent found himself called upon to preserve, was that against fighting. A couple of the larger boys had quarreled outside at some time during the day, and on meeting at bed-time they seemed determined, in spite of the rule, to "have it out." Mr. TRACY saw this, and cautioned them against it. He told them that they came there to sleep and not to fight; that any differences which they had must be settled outside; that if any fighting was to be done there, he must have a hand in it himself. The tone of quiet determination in which this was spoken seemed to satisfy one of the parties, who was willing to drop the matter; but the other, a pretty stout boy, seemed determined to test the matter, and at length went so far as to advance towards his adversary with the intention, as he expressed it, of "punchin' his head off, rite on the spot!" Instantly a strong hand was laid upon his collar, and the next moment, in spite of his most desperate struggles, he found himself pinned against the wall, unable to move, with the Super-

intendent, in the mildest terms imaginable, laying down the law to him, and assuring him that however much it would grieve him to be forced to extreme measures, he should feel bound to adopt them if it were necessary to preserve the rule, which must be done at the sacrifice of everything else. This was enough. It was an argument which the boy understood perfectly. His intellect could only be reached through his physical nature, and he at once admitted that he had done wrong in violating a rule, promised never to do so again, and finally went to bed as docile as possible.

It was not long after this last affair, that the largest and strongest of all the lodgers made his appearance at the rooms in an unmistakable state of inebriation, and, consequently, in no very conciliatory frame of mind. It was very near the hour of closing for the night, and a number of the boys had already assembled and were about going to bed.

"Thomas," said the Superintendent, in a mild tone, "I am very sorry to see you in this state; why did you come here till you got sober? Don't you know that you are transgressing one of the rules, besides setting a very bad example?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," was the reply; "all I know is, that I'm sleepy and I'm agoin' to bed. Here's your sixpence!" at the same time taking the coin from his pocket and tendering it.

"You can't go to bed here, Thomas," said the Superintendent, mildly but firmly, "till you are sober."

"Ain't my money as good as anybody else's," said the maudlin youth, in a wrathful tone.*

"O yes," was the answer; "your money, no doubt, is very good, but your conduct, at present, is not, and you must go out, you can't stay here; do you understand, Thomas? I say you *must* go out!"

By this time a number of the youngsters, who well knew the character of the inebriated boy, had made up their minds that they were about to see some fun, and stood looking on with eager faces.

"I don't care a — wot you say," remarked Thomas

doggedly, "I'm agoin' to bed," and he moved towards the lodging-room.

"You are violating a rule, Thomas," said the Superintendent, laying his hand, at the same time, upon the youth's shoulder; "come, your road lies in this direction," and he pulled him gently towards the door.

"Don't you put your hands on me," growled Thomas savagely, "if you do, I'll smash yer."

"I warn you not to attempt any violence, Thomas," was the mild response; "I should be sorry to have to chastise you before the boys, but I must do so, if necessary to preserve the rules;" and at almost every word he spoke he pulled the boy nearer to the door, till at length he got him outside. Once there, the boy jerked away from him, and exclaimed:

"Now you just come down stairs, and see if I don't punch that good-lookin' head of yours!"

"I have no business down stairs, Thomas," was the quiet answer, "this is my place; but I don't believe you'd hurt me if I did go. I know you wouldn't if you were sober, and I've too good an opinion of you to suppose that you would even in your present state. Good bye, Thomas; at any time, when you are sober, you shall have a bed as quick as any boy, but I can't break through a rule to accommodate you;" and closing the door, he read the boys a lecture on the propriety of always maintaining a strict observance of all necessary regulations.

And thus he rules them; never for a moment losing his temper, but acting always with firmness and decision. Nor does he let any opportunity slip to—

"Point a moral, or adorn a tale."

He hears and sees everything that transpires around him, and if he detects a boy wronging his fellow, he first, by argument, convinces him of his error by putting it in a shape to meet the youngsters' limited comprehension, and then clinches the matter by some apt simile or quaint comparison.

It seems to us that we might write for a month without exhausting this subject, but we have already gone beyond the limit we had at first marked out; and we will conclude by expressing the conviction, that the teachings inculcated in this lodging establishment, will be remembered by many of its inmates, and will be productive of great future good to them. The establishment is as yet in its infancy, and there is no knowing what great good may grow out of it when the sphere of its operations shall become more extended; and even now, the unfortunate class whom it is intended to benefit have the advantage of good counsel at least, and this of itself is invaluable, when given by one who is regarded with esteem by them and listened to with respect.

THE NEWS BOYS' BANK.

BY W. C. D.

It should be mentioned that the boys passed, in September, a resolution that their "Bank" should be opened on November 1. This Bank is a savings-table, in which each boy has his own box for his money.

On Wednesday evening, the 1st instant, a good number of the boys gathered at the rooms, and there was great excitement in prospect of the opening. Mr. Tracy was expecting some friends to be present on the occasion, and hoped to induce the lads to deposit in the Sixpenny Bank; and accordingly waited some time—the boys growing gradually more impatient, and filling up the time with all sorts of sharp-shooting. "I move that the boy as has most tin in the Bank, gives a treat of oysters to all the rest!" said one little boy, mounted on a desk—a proposition which excited immense applause. "I move coffee and cakes!" "I go in for that!"

"Half-past seven, Mr. Tracy!" "Hold your hats!" "Ready now?" &c. As the eventful moment approached, the uproar increased. "Open, Sesame!" "Who goes for his grub?" "I move that the Bank be opened." "How much have you got in—sixpence?" "Call down to the store, and I'll give you my old clothes!" and the like—the boys pressing in a circle around, until Mr. Tracy said, despairingly, "I suppose, boys, it's of no use. We can't have order. We shall have to give up opening the Bank this evening." Then, from all the large boys, "Oh now keep order—can't you? Don't *you* see, Mr. Tracy wants order? Order! *Order!*" until the cries for order were rather more uproarious than were the cries of disorder before. However, at length quiet is gained, and Mr. Tracy has the opportunity of making a speech. "Now, boys! who is going to invest five dollars in the Sixpenny Savings Bank?" No reply. "That Bank is the best, you know. Some of you ought to save your money till it gets colder. Of course, I'm in favor of every boy's doing what he likes with his own money, only I want to make a few suggestions. We have seen, boys! that it is a practicable thing to save money. A boy can save more than he thinks; he can disappoint himself. He should

begin now to save. Every one who sets apart all he can and puts it in the Savings-Bank gets five per cent. more for the year. I have heard a gentleman say, he found it harder to raise the first hundred dollars than all the rest of his fortune. The result will be, that after a few years you will realize a good deal of money. Saving money will also improve your own characters. I don't want to control any boy, but make these suggestions that I may set him thinking on the subject. I received a letter the other day from a gentleman in Philadelphia, who is now the proprietor of large mills—the 'Globe Mills'—and when he landed in America from Ireland he had but a quarter of a dollar. He made his money in saving a little. He told me to say to the boys, 'always save your money!'" To this advice the boys listened attentively, but as soon as Mr. T. had done speaking, the clamor and their characteristic restlessness began again. "Mr. Tracy, what's the time—past seven?" "It's goin' to open now!" "Get out of the way!" "I'm for the Bank!" &c., &c. Mr. Tracy—"All the boys be seated now!" Older boys to smaller—"You keep order there!" "Now, boys, I will call the numbers, but I propose that Mick counts the money!" "No, no, Sir,

—let every boy finger his own money here!" arose in a shout. "No. 1?" "Absent—gettin' his dinner!" "No. 2?" "Here I be, Sir!" "No. 3?" "Gone-dead!" "No. 4?" "At his country-seat, gettin' his winter lodgin'!" (*i. e.* House of Refuge.) "No. 7?" "Gone to heaven!" "No. 8?" "My eyes!—what a stock of pennies Barney has!—count it!—there's an English ha'penny!—hurry up!—two dollars two shillings!—No. 8 has got a check for the poor house!" "I make a move," says Barney, having got his own money, "that the Bank be closed!" at which there was a general laugh. "No. 12?" "Go ahead!—gone to sleep!" "No. 18?" "Don't hurry the boy! Let him count his money! Paddy, han't you got your money now?"

This kind of running fire was kept up during the whole time, the boys being in the greatest excitement. Some were found to have as high as \$10 or \$11 in the Bank, and the total amount drawn was about \$69.

As soon as possible after this, some the same evening and the rest the next day, were marching off to the different clothing establishments to strike sharp bargains for clothes. Only one boy had a spree, and he was mightily ashamed of it afterward. The next night they all made

their appearance, very proudly, in new garments; and such comparing of coats and vests and pants and caps, and such "running" of one another on account of bad bargains! Some had overcoats for which they paid \$4 and \$6; others, very jaunty caps; others, good flannel shirts and warm vests. On the whole, the investments were very judicious, and we felt rejoiced at these first steps toward respectability; for, six months ago, a flannel shirt of three months unchanged wear had been the principal garment of the corps. All seemed pleased with the mysterious influence of the "Bank."

After the excitement had passed away, and the boys were beginning to save again, Mr. T. gathered them one evening and spoke again on the importance of saving. One boy made a motion that the bank be shut till December. This was seconded and then opposed; and the uproar increased as if the loudest lungs would carry it. The Superintendent quieted them, and said, "Boys, you know this is your affair; I shall do whatever you decide. We had better have a vote on it and not make this noise."

A vote was tried by raising hands. The boys who were in the habit of spending their money as fast as earned, wanted an open Bank,

and the more industrious desired it closed. The result was a tie.

Now commenced a great excitement. Barney, one of the smartest, jumped on a bench and made an electioneering speech in stump-orator style. He called upon them to come up to their duty like men and citizens of this great Republic. He denounced the opposite party. "What right have them coves to vote? They never had no bank, feller-citizens! They never had nothin' in it! They haint got their papers," &c., &c. Mr. Tracy at length moved that the house divide. Accordingly they divided, and as arguments would not do, the big boys attempted to *pull* the small ones over to their side. The counting again showed an equal number on each side. What to do was the question. It appeared at length, however, that *four* on the negative had never had anything in the Bank, and were never likely to have, and it was decided to exclude them, and the *Bank was closed* till December 1.

DEATH AMONG THE NEWS BOYS.

ONE of the news-boys, who goes under the name of "Mickety," has been ill for some time, though able to walk around, and occasionally sell his papers. His disease was consumption, perhaps brought on by exposure in early days, when he slept in boxes or on the damp ground. He is among the few boys who still remain of the first members of the Lodging-House; the most are now at trades, or in business in various parts of the country. As it happens, Mickety was the very first who put down his name on the register, and Mr. Tracy recalls yet how he paid for the week's lodging, the very first night, as if to show his confidence in the plan. Since that time he has steadily improved, and has been a sober well-behaved lad, saving his money, and attending on the classes and the Sunday meeting. Latterly, as he grew more and more weak, he was often serious, and

burst into tears when any one spoke with him of the chances of death, or of his soul. I have often seen him listening intently to the Sunday addresses made in the meeting.

What seeds of truth, what germs of love for the Great Father were left in the poor boy's breast, who shall say? Perhaps, sometimes thinking how, in his weakness and sickness, he had no father or mother, or any dear face to look upon, and how nobody on earth cared for him, except Mr. Tracy and the other boys, he may have pictured out to himself a beautiful and kind face, and a great dignified person, and have thought to himself, "This is Christ—*my* Saviour!" and he may have taken up the Testament to see what this good Saviour wanted of him; and then, perhaps, in his humble, quiet way, have tried to please his great Friend. Who knows? Well, at last, one day he was with the boys in a newspaper shop, when he felt so weak that he lay down on the counter. The boys saw from his face that he was becoming very ill, and they wanted to send for a carriage; but he would not let them—he would rather wait till evening, feeling too modest to ride in a carriage in the day. At length they brought a carriage, but could only take him as far as a friend of theirs—a paper

seller. Into his room he was taken, and during the night, before Mr. Tracy could see him, he died—the first one who has died of the Lodging-House boys, and the first member of it. The boys clubbed together and bought a handsome mahogany coffin, and buried him in Greenwood, paying the whole expenses themselves. The poor lad had no parents, or other friends, and nothing was known of his previous history; even his name is a nick-name. He drops out of the great current of life here, as a floating weed is left on the banks—as unnoticed as a single dead leaf falls now in the Autumn gales on the turf at Greenwood. In a few days, even his comrades will have forgotten poor Mickety, the orphan news boy. And yet what boundless encouragement in the thought, that the little drop which made up that friendless lad's whole life here in our great frothing ocean of life, was as perfectly seen and guarded and cared for, as any grand current or wave, or multitude of drops, in whatever place.

There came ONE upon earth once to show that the poorest, and meanest, and basest creature is of infinite value to the Great Heart on high. Even this little poor, sick, weak orphan news boy, alone and friendless, is upheld by

the hand which never wearies, and is loved by the Universal Father. And how the thoughts press upon one of the destiny of such an unfortunate being! How feeble and childish and embruted and ignorant, must the soul of one of these waifs of society go forth into the vast Eternity! How poorly fitted for the society of the good, and yet how unfortunate and depressed by circumstances here! God alone knows his fate.

A NEWS BOY'S FUNERAL.

ONE of the most touching ceremonials I ever witnessed took place in Brooklyn last Sunday. While the grand funeral procession, with slow and mournful step, and wailing music, was following down Broadway the remains of one over whom a nation was weeping—the first martyr of our revolution, Col. ELLSWORTH—another coffin was being followed, with many tears, by little children and poor boys, in the city of Brooklyn.

The ceremony was the funeral of a *news boy*—a Christian lad who, as he scarce had a settled home, was kindly allowed to be buried from the State-street Congregational church.

A homeless, poor boy, with no father or mother or sister to weep over the dead body—and yet with a great audience of children and news boys and friends filling the church, and shedding many a tear. Unknown hands dropped tenderly white flowers on the little coffin,

and sobs sounded in the stillness as the news boys, with voices hoarse with feeling, sang—

“There’s a rest for the weary—
A rest for thee.”

And as the simple exercises went on, and friend after friend arose, and spoke of the heroic, noble qualities of the little fellow, and of all he had done and suffered and accomplished, we, who had known him best, felt that we did not half value him. Most of all, when the doctor—whom, of course, much more than preachers or friends, all believe—stood up, and with words almost broken with emotion said, “That was the noblest little soul I ever saw in any human body!” and told the story of his sickness and his fortitude, we all felt the greatness of the loss.

But perhaps, for the children’s sake; I had better give a short sketch of the news boy’s life—Johnny Morrow, as he is called, and known to so many thousands. About seven years ago, a pale, sweet-faced little fellow, of say ten or eleven years of age, came to the Lodging-House and made his home there. He said he had no father or mother, and he earned his living by selling matches. Accordingly, the boys soon christened him “Matches.”

One night, after some religious remarks made by Mr. TRACY, little Johnny came to him, looking quite troubled. "What is it, Johnny?" "Please, sir, I have been telling you a wrong story. I was afraid you would send me back to my father, for I have got a father. I am very sorry for telling you a lie." He then told how his father drank brandy continually, and sent him and his little brothers out to steal coal and wood and vegetables—and if they did not bring home much, he would beat them dreadfully—and how they often slept in carts and boxes to get out of his way; and how he had "brandy-fits" and would try to kill his children. One night they slept on board a ferry-boat, and were fed by the ferrymen. Another time they were chased by some rag-picker's dogs, while they were stealing, and nearly hunted down by them, until, at last, he felt he could bear this no longer, and went to the Lodging-House for a home and shelter. Mr. TRACY forgave him his lie, and helped him. Johnny soon succeeded; he went to Sunday-school and night-school, learned to read and write rapidly, and showed great fondness for the Bible—many thought then that he was a truly religious boy. After a while, he obtained a place to lodge in the

Union Theological Seminary, where he peddled his little wares, and worked away at his education, with the hope of one day being a missionary, or a preacher, to just the same poor people to whom he had belonged. The students all liked his happy little face, and he delighted in discussing abstruse theological questions with them, or in the more practical enjoyment of making a good bargain with them. One of the hard questions he put at this time, a result of his former experiences, was, "Which is a greater sin, to lie or to steal?"—the question having occurred on account of his having lied to his father, to prevent his making him steal!

At length he went to the New Haven Theological Seminary, not so much because of its theology, as because he hoped there to get some assistance, and to sell his little wares. His education in every way was going on well, and finally he completed his success by writing a little biography of himself, which he sold over the country. Probably thousands of my little readers have seen or heard of Johnny Morrow's little book. With its proceeds, he supported, a part of the time, his two younger brothers, and paid off nearly \$300 worth of debts, he had incurred in getting his education.

He was always doing kind things with his money. I knew of his giving \$23 to a poor boy to start him in a trade; and under his pillow, at his death, was found a pocket-book with only a few pennies of his own, but with a receipt from a poor newsboy for \$3, which he had lately loaned to help him begin in business! If we *could* carry anything into the next world, who would not rather take that dirty little receipt with him, than all the bank-bills of New York city? For was it not something done "to the least of these?"

Little Johnny had always been lame, and now finding he was growing ill, and that a very painful operation ought to be performed on him, he paid all his debts, and went over and put himself in the hands of certain physicians in Brooklyn, I believe paying his board himself.

Dr. — had taken a deep interest in him, and came over to visit him. He says he never saw such perfect serenity and trust and courage; and every one felt his Christian faith. Before the operation was performed, he requested that it might be *very thorough*, and, if possible, that his deformity might be cured. They gave him chloroform, and after the terrible operation, when he was sufficiently recov-

ered, he asked if he should be lame still. They replied that he would be, probably.

"Well," he said, his natural cheerfulness running over, though his body was yet quivering with the surgeon's knife, "'taint so bad after all, for now when I want, I can limp and pass for half price on the railroad, or I can stretch up and be a big man!"

All noticed, everywhere, this beautiful cheerfulness of this poor lame boy.

"It was," said Rev. Mr. Bartlett, with exquisite pathos, in his funeral address, "as if one of God's little angels were always with him, singing cheerfully to him, saying, 'Limp a little longer, Johnny; it will soon be over!'"

Yes, all through these weary days of sickness, the angel sang to him. It told him that poverty and homelessness and the world's cold charity, and pain and grief and deformity, would soon be past; and the eyes of the deformed, sick, homeless lad shone with a strange and quiet joy, which the bystanders could hardly understand.

"I do not fear to die," he said; "I feel all ready—I trust in Christ."

He was doing well, and would probably have recovered, but for the very self-reliance which had secured him his success. He

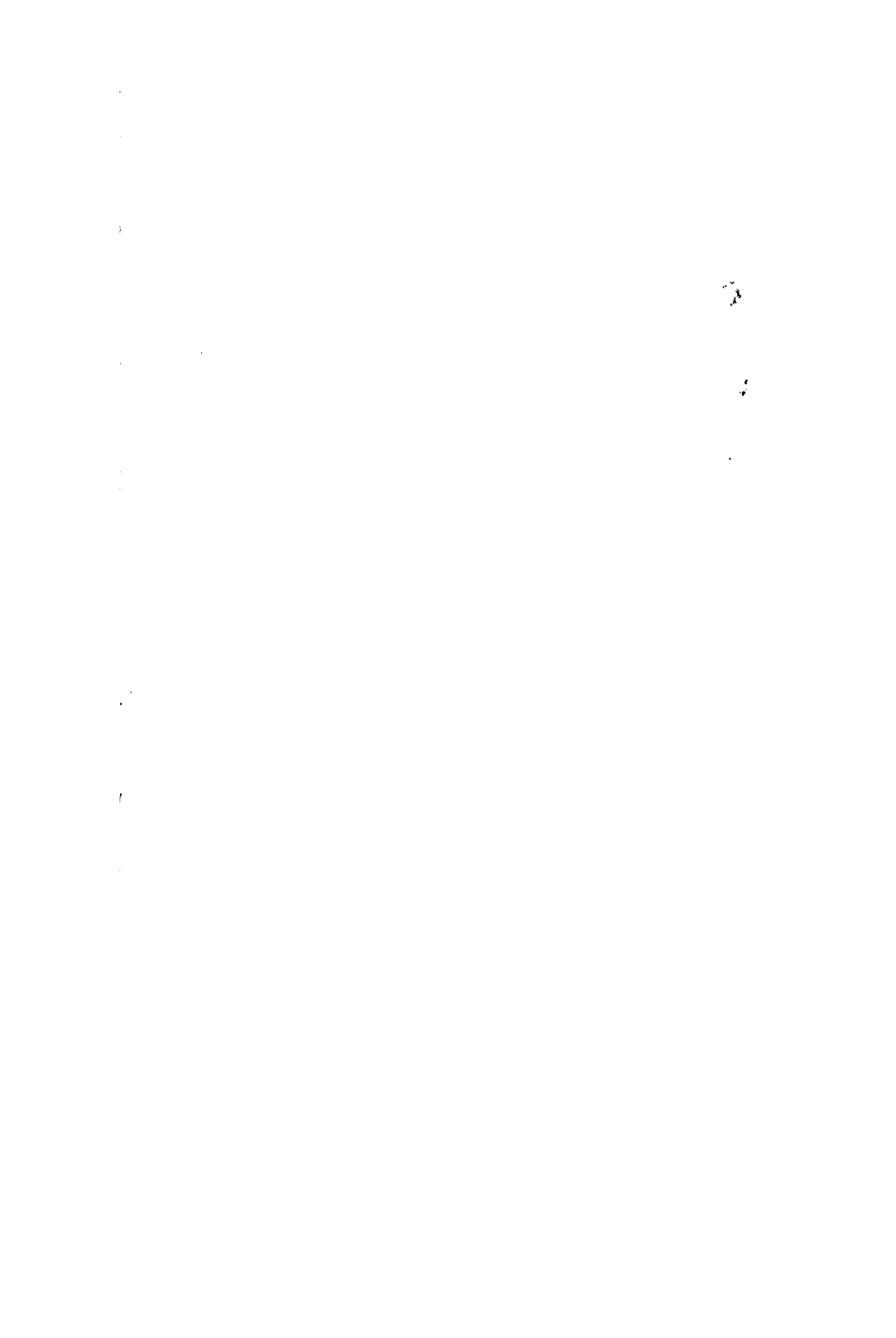
thought he would save the kind doctor the trouble of binding up his bandages, and that he could do it equally well, and one morning undid them, and attempted to clean the sore, when accidentally he opened the wound, and almost bled to death before help could arrive. This was too much for his weakened frame, and in a short time he died.

Such was the story we heard at the funeral of the Christian news boy. The rough boys came and gazed solemnly at the pale worn face of the dead; the children of the rich and happy looked at him tearfully; and we all felt a kind of joyful sadness as we stood by.

Peace be with thee, little wanderer! Thy days of weariness, thy sickness and poverty and loneliness, are all over! Thou didst well thy little part on the earth! The poor and the unbefriended love thee. Thou hast died with an immortal faith and love. Heaven's gentle angels, that ever watch by the dying bedsides of penitent and loving children, hold thee up. Thou hast all wealth and glory now. Why should we weep for thee?

A more heroic life, or a more Christian death, we cannot wish for our own beloved little ones.

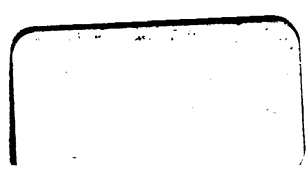




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